

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

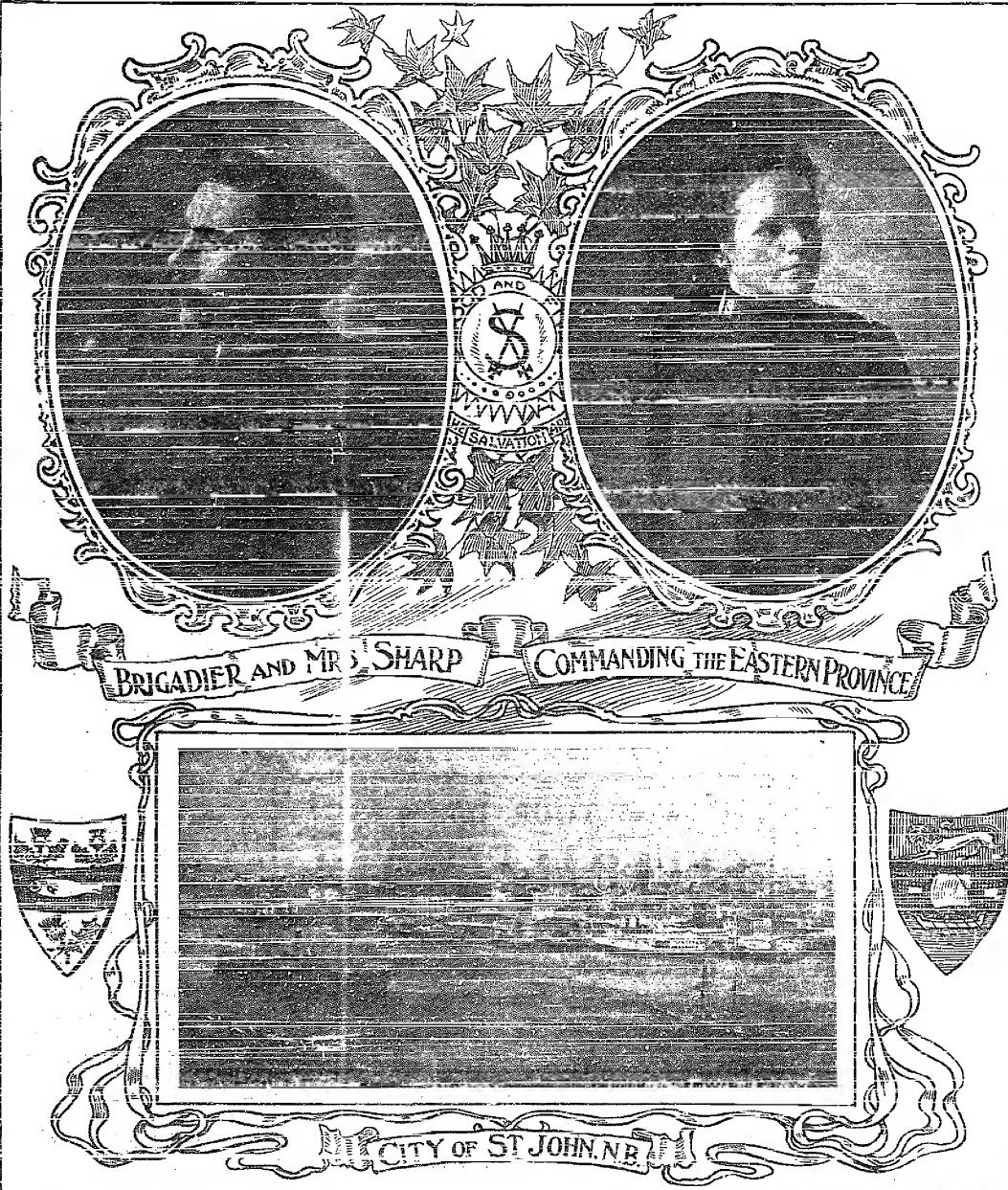
19th Year. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



to the
York,
Recep-

Past,
in the

in the
in the

INC
JOHN

Friends:
in my part of the globe
the wronged women and
children and the poor
and the sick and the
old should be seen. If
you are interested to look regularly
at our work, if they are
interested, come and see us.

MR. 39 years of
light hair, fair.
Came to Cana-
one years ago.
years ago at West

MISS D., who left
Maine, seven
British Colum-
she was in green
had a spell of
been seen in
ever heard of for
her anxious
portion.)

MR. ANDONIA,
German by
birth. 79 years of age.
5 feet 4 inches
bright dark
hair, turning
grey, brown
eyes. Formerly
lived in the

Peel. Was last
known of in
Elmira, Ont.,
eight years ago.

AN ESTIMATE OF GENERAL BOOTH.

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.

GENERAL BOOTH has been one of the most fortunate of men, and fortunate most of all in his enemies. As John Bright once said to him, "The men who persecute you would have persecuted the apostles." Without the constant advertisement supplied by the malice of his opponents he would never have achieved one tithe of his present success. Count Tolstoi, in a very remarkable passage on Christ's Christianity, pointed out that so far from rejecting the infliction of death and imprisonment for conscience' sake, Christians should welcome these afflictions; for it is only by displaying unflinching readiness to face death and bonds for your religion that you can ever get an opportunity of convincing the ordinary man that there is any truth in it.

Much as the Salvation Army has been helped by its friends, it would have been at a comparative standstill but for its enemies. They have enabled it to pass as the champion of liberty of speech and liberty of conscience, which they have furnished it with a noble company of officers whose universality has been the jail, and who have been tempered in the furnace of tribulation before they have been called to the ministry of love for the salvation of the lost. And let it never be forgotten that all these attacks from the outside have been of incalculable service to the organization. The greatest danger which besets them to-day is the possibility of them becoming so respectable that they will no longer be exposed to the biting blasts of ridicule and derision, which, like Kingstey's Nor'-easter, have made them what they are.

General Booth is most fortunate also in the *assassination* of

A Keen Sense of Humor.

This gift comes as a revelation to most of those who hear him for the first time, but he has the saving gift of a power well under control, and it stands him in good stead. Homely and plain-spoken, there is in him a good deal of the same fibre that there was in Abraham Lincoln. Both were tall, spare men, who loved a joke, and who yet were called of God to stand in the breach of a grave crisis, which was assuredly no trivial matter. The Northern armies fought none the less heroically because of Old Abe's joke, and the Salvationists are none the less strenuous in the saving of souls because their General chooses to argue with a bunch of scallywags which acts the audience in a rote. The picture which we greet at St. James' Hall of the past and the Levite nowadays, who are no longer content to pass by on the other side, but who will insist on punching the head of the Good Samaritan, was as exquisitely amusing as it was literally correct; but General Booth is probably the only public speaker who would have ventured upon it in the course of a speech full of pathetic appeals to the higher emotions. In this quality of his nature, General Booth resembles Shakespeare, whose grave-digger's jests in the midst of the exalted sentiments of Hamlet so scandalized the French critics.

If you were to ask General Booth what he regarded as the secret of his strange success, he would tell you that it was because he was

A Man of One Idea.

From first to last he has been dominated by one central thought, which has possessed him by a consuming passion. That one idea has been a passionate yearning love for his fellowmen. From his boyhood in Nottingham he has always been full of sorrow for the sufferings and the miseries of men and women. His heart has gone out to them, and his whole soul has been pre-occupied with the one question, "How can I best do something for them? How can I best help them? How can I help bring some light and warmth and love and joy into these darkened, cold, and miserable hearts?" That was the work that he felt called to perform, and that sacred passion, that irresistible enthusiasm for

humanity has been the central fire by which the whole Salvation Army has caught the glow which distinguishes it from all other denominations. Olive Schreiner wrote to me from South Africa, "The only form of Christianity which is a living force to-day is the Salvation Army." That is a sweeping verdict, which like most sweeping verdicts is very unjust. But what Olive Schreiner meant was not unjust, but most true and obvious, viz., that the Salvation Army, more than any other of the religious societies of our time, glows with the sacred passion for the welfare of men, which, to the author of "The Story of a South African Farm," is the distinctive note of true Christianity.

General Booth was the child, not of the seventeenth, but of the eighteenth century. His traditions began and ended with the story of the great spiritual awakening that is associated with the name of

Wesley and Whitfield.

He told me once, that from earliest youth he was constantly thinking of these two men. Of the two, Whitfield was the finer character. Whitfield was a great orator—a man of magnetic presence, with a veritable inspiration as a preacher. When he went his passionate appeals always to the sleeping conscience, convicted sinners of their guilt, and caused slanders to cry silent in the assemblies of penitence and remorse. "What shall I do to be saved?" Wesley had neither the sacred passion, the inspiration, the eloquence, nor the magnetic influence of Whitfield. But that plain man possessed one thing which his more brilliantly gifted contemporary lacked. Wesley understood the importance of organization. "Remember Whitfield's failure and Wesley's success," has been the watchword of General Booth from the beginning. He has indeed remembered it. If the Salvation Army a hundred years after his death is not so vigorous and so solid an institution as the Methodist Church, it will not be for want of organization.

General Booth has done much, but all that he has achieved is but a small thing to that which he hopes he may yet be instrumental in doing. If he is a great man who has great ideas, then General Booth is one of the greatest men of our time. He will not realize all he hopes for. For if he succeeds to the utmost of his hopes to-day, he would hope for something more to-morrow. But he has succeeded so much that he may fully expect to succeed in a good deal more. The field is wide enough for him to do enormous things, and still ample opportunity would be left for the rest.

Already Boards of Guardians are negotiating with him for the transfer of their casual wards to the Army. The Vic-

torian Government, the most democratic on the planet, voices its Rescue Home and Prison Brigades as unusual *inanity*, and who knows how long, or rather how short, a time it may be before we see his officers holding religious service in all the jails and workhouses of the land?

We can see in the alarmist predictions of the enemies of the Salvation Army that the possibilities of a worldwide extension of the new religious order are already visible to the dullest eye. General Booth writes himself to his American son, John Wesley, "All the world is my parish" exactly expresses General Booth's conception of his field of labor. He is almost the only cosmopolitan man of our time. The Church of Rome and the Salvation Army—these are the only two organizations which operate directly and simultaneously in all the continents and among all nations. Humanity is to both of these religious a unit.

General Booth has immense aspirations, but he can hardly be said to have gigantic schemes. He did not devise the Salvation Army. It grew. So did his School. And so will the other schools that are to come. These are more of circumstances acted upon by the constraining pressure of force for man. General Booth does not do what he wishes to do; he does what he is driven to do.

The General did not plan out

The Conquest of the World. Each of his successive advances was forced upon him. He could not help himself. Why did the Salvation Army go to Australia? Because a quondam drunken milkman who had been saved at Stepney emigrated to Adelaide, and sent over an urgent summons for help to start the holy war in Australia. In like manner it was a convert from Coventry who, having settled in Philadelphia, brought over the Salvation Army to the United States. But when a door is opened General Booth dare not refuse to go through it to proclaim the glad tidings of a Gospel of happiness and love.

He had hilberto had the advantage of having had no reputation to lose. While others can do nothing without considering and hearing and discussing and wondering what this, that or the other person would do or say or think, he has gone ahead and done the work that was given him to do. And who is there even among the most sceptical of his opponents can deny that it has been a great work? Apart altogether from its direct effects, General Booth's life-work has been a trumpet-call to the churches of Christendom. The forward movement among the Weddevans and the Church Army in the Establishment are but two illustrations of the effect which he has produced outside the immediate range of his organization. Nor is it only the churches that have felt the quickening and refining influence of his loving heart and courageous faith. The whole trend of social legislation for many a year to come will bear unmistakable signs of the influence of his great passion for the welfare of men; and when the law of civilized countries franchises women, it will be attesting the change in the popular estimate of the capacities of women which has been most largely

brought about by the work of the Salvation Army.

On these grounds, if on no other, I regard General Booth as one of the greatest men of our time.

HISTORY CLASS—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XL.

Karl VI. A.D. 1711-1740. The Archduke Karl was still at Berchem, when he heard the news of his brother's death, which gave him all the hereditary possessions of the House of Hapsburg. He sailed at once for Genoa, while Prince Eugene so dealt with the Electors that they chose Karl Emperor, and he was crowned at Frankfurt, and afterwards as King of Hungary at Presburg.

But the crowns of the Empire and of Spain were not to be joined again by another Karl. The power of the Marlborough war-party was over with Queen Anne of England, and the Earl of Oxford thought it would be better to let Philip of France keep Spain, and that old Louis XIV. ought not to be pushed any further. Karl meant, however, to fight his way to the throne to England to try to persuade Queen Anne to continue the war, but the Savoyard was not costly enough to please her, and people in London were disappointed to see a little, dry, insignificant-looking elderly man instead of the hero they expected. He gained nothing by his visit, but a diamond-bladed sword for himself, and the English and Dutch troops were withdrawn.

Then he tried to stir up the Germans to force Louis XIV. into giving up all that France had seized during that long reign; but, say what he would, nobody moved, and at last Karl consented to make peace. He gave up all claim to Spain, but he kept the Netherlands, which had belonged to the Spanish line ever since the marriage of Philip the Handsome and Juana the Mad, and the fortresses of Breisach, Friburg, and Kehl were restored to Germany. The Island of Sardinia was also given up to him, and Sicily was given to the Duke of Savoy, while the claim of the King of Prussia to Neuchatel in Switzerland was acknowledged. This peace, which finished the war of the Spanish succession, is called the Peace of Utrecht, and was signed in September, 1713.

Victor Amadeus of Savoy found Sicily too far from his dukedom, so he exchanged it with the Emperor for Sardinia, and took the title of King of the Sardinian island.

The Electors of Bavaria and Kolin were pardoned and returned to their lands, and the next year another Elector became a King, when George of Brunswick, Elector of Hanover, obtained the crown of England through the Act of Settlement, which shut out Roman Catholic heirs. It must have been a misfortune to Kolin to have such an Archbishop as his Elector restored, for he had no notion of the duties of his office.

His nephew, Karl Albrecht of Bavaria, and his wife, lived disgraceful lives, given up to pleasure. They were great hunters, and the lady kept twelve dogs always close by her bed; and the two in it, and she not only beat her dogs, but her courtiers, with her own hand.

The Margrave of Baden, Karl, who built Karlsruhe, was another byword for gross self-indulgence; and the most respectable court among the German princes was that of Friedrich Wilhelm II., King of Prussia. He was a rough, plain, religious man, but with the taste and manner of a drill-sergeant. He cared for nothing so much as his army, and for getting a set of giants for his guards; he carried on business with his ministers and generals sitting at a table, smoking their pipes and talking of heel. He abominated French politeness, the wiles which had come in with it, and he was perfectly brutal in his manners to his wife and daughters, and greatly misused his clever son Friedrich, who had a passion for everything French. When the young man tried to escape with his friend, Lieutenant Katt, they were seized, and treated as deserters. Katt was shot, and Friedrich forced to stand and see his friend's death; after which he had a long imprisonment till when his father forgave him, he was suddenly brought out and placed behind his mother's chair while she was playing at cards.

(To be continued.)

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER

BY
STAFF-CAPTAIN F. MORRIS

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING A NEW HOME.

Thus it was that Silas Mulroney came to grief. His intentions were of the very best, but did little to help him in themselves. As the train sped on mile after mile toward the great North-West, from which land strange stories of prosperity had reached them, it seemed as though their cares grew less and less, and the spark of hope which had been in their hearts when they started was fast contumacious, blanched into a flame, and Kate actually found herself radiant with hope. As for Silas, there was no limit to his ambitions as he gazed out of the car window at the widening prairies, and he imagined his wildest dreams were all but realized.

Arriving in a western city work was soon found, and although Silas did not receive the return for his labor that he had been led to expect, yet his wages were quite sufficient to make them comfortable, and they were for a time with their two children, as happy as a family could be with a sense of uncertainty ever present with them.

Silas had reformed—we use the word guardedly. His wife was under the impression that drink was a thing of the past, but could not help at times having misgivings as she held a strange expression now and again in the eyes of Silas, and though she could not be quite sure, thought she could frequently detect the fumes of strong drink upon his breath. But Kate was brave, and trusted Silas with all her heart, and continued to hope for the best.

CHAPTER IV.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

One evening, however, her husband returning from his work a little later than usual, and glancing around the drawing-room in the most strange way, Kate became so much alarmed at his demeanor as to remark:

"What can possess you to-night, Silas? Is not you sick? You stumble about so that I fear you are not quite yourself."

All the answer poor Kate received was, "Oh, I'm all right, old girl; what makes you say that?"

"Only," replied forgiving Kate, "I thought you were sick, but you will soon be all right; wait until I get you a cup of tea."

but a girl of nineteen. Yes, he could see her dressed in that white muslin dress of midsummer, hurrying down to the other end of the town to do a deed of charity for a poor, lone old woman. He had followed her, and had waited outside the old thatched cottage where dwelt the aged widow. It seemed an age to him before Kate made her appearance, but she did come at last, and with a glad song on her lips and a litherous step, she started for home.

green, and even the scratching and creasing of an old wagon, growing under a heavy load, may, while passing them on the road, wear marks in his ears. He was a young man again, and he thought the fairest flower on earth was by his side. Silas could see it all as plainly as a moving panorama before his eyes. He was still dreaming when awakened by the sweet voice of Kate, telling him that supper was ready.

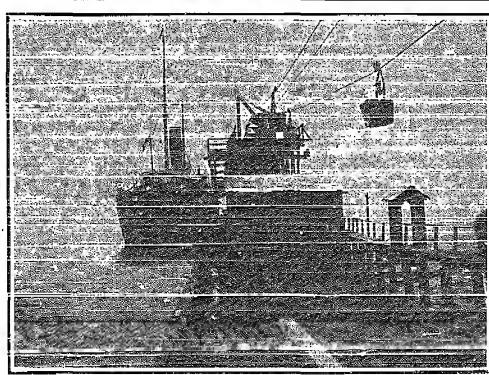
(To be continued.)

A Dream of the Past.

The recording angel cannot be fooled by church reports.



The Pitch Lake of Trinidad.



Conveying the Pitch to the Boat by an Aerial Tramway.

Trinidad's Pitch Lake.

The Colony of Trinidad had a never-failing source of revenue in the asphalt lake, a body of asphalt 108 acres in extent.

On arriving at the little town of La Brea, one is at once introduced to a new feature of Nature's supplies. Instead of stepping ashore on the ordinary terra firma, we land on a bed of pitch, washed clean by the sea. Proceeding in quest of Army business, we tramp over a continuous space of dead-like soil. There is practically no variety, only a flat surface, and everywhere is pitch within the distance of a mile at any rate. The houses have only one foundation—pitch; trees are at a premium, and flowers there are none. Whilst not on the lake proper, in and around the houses we notice pits where men are busy digging, and carts are plying to and fro with the strange material.

In a short time we arrive at the extensive lake, which could not be termed otherwise, as it is verily a lake of pitch, there being no water of any kind, and all that is required is the means to convey the asphalt to the boats in order to export the peculiar product to the streets and walks of the towns and homes of the Americans, Britisher, and wherever it might be taken.

There are men at work, diggers and carriers. The men with the picks and shovels keep some hundred men filling the wagons and trucks, by which means it is conveyed by cable pulleys to the ships.

The spot at which these men are working has been the scene of many long days of toil, and yet, on each succeeding day, the men arrive to find the bed level with no trace of the previous day's export. The lake rights itself in the hours of the night, and notwithstanding the fact that there is daily exported 800 tons, there is no perceptible difference in the source. Even while we stand watching the operations we notice the pitch oozing and running, and seeping up through the yellowish cover of asphalt, giving one to feel that he is standing over a warm place; this feeling is confirmed when our boots are unbearably hot, and the soles are being covered with the soft pitch; over head also is King Sol, giving us the full benefit of his rays. We were truly in a warm place, and standing upon a mysterious something—Pitch Lake is on the surface, but what can be underneath? The boiling up of which is suggestive.

How to find this wonderful cauldron have been utterly defeated. The pipes bored down have acted as an airtight to this creature of mystery. She allows no curious enquiry. You can take and come again, but nothing beyond.

We certainly gathered a few lessons from our experience here, and to the Commissioner's talk there will be yet new and interesting additions arising from the Pitch Lake—E. Glauville, Adj't.

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S—THE GERMANS.
TER XII. 1711-1740.

Karl was still at the heard the news of the party, which gave him his possessions of the King. He sailed at once to a Prince Eugene so Electors that they were poor, and he was short, and afterwards stayed at Presburg.

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The party was over with England, and the Earl of Arundel said it would be better

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France XIV. ought not to further. Karl meant,

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Peace of Utrecht,

September, 1713.

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Happenings of the Week.

Canadian Cuttings.

The Ontario Government is considering the need for further control over the construction of electric railways.

Since the establishment of a savings bank system in the public schools the deposits have slightly exceeded \$9,000.

Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto coal dealers will interview the Government in regard to the free shipment of coal over the Intercolonial granted to municipalities.

Employers of Toronto have formed a protective association to deal with labor disputes.

A reward of one hundred dollars is offered for the capture of Noah Hale, of Sault Ste. Marie.

Two local labor unions have voted \$500 and \$100 towards the fund for the striking coal miners.

The Ontario Government votes \$20,000 to continue colonization road construction in Temiskaming.

The cigarmakers' strike, at Montreal, has been declared off, the men being beaten. About 750 men were out.

The Government has decided that the free carriage of coal on the intercolonial for municipalities shall continue until Nov. 15th.

About a dozen business establishments at Sheldiac, N.B., were burned. The loss is \$60,000 and \$100,000.

An American syndicate has secured extensive water-power privileges at Port Frances, Rainy River.

There is difficulty in manning the manufacturing departments at the Central Prison, owing to the decreased number of inmates.

The Sturgeon Falls Pulp Company propose a further expenditure of \$2,000,000 in plant and machinery, making the total expenditure \$3,000,000. They will stop exporting pulp and will manufacture paper for the English market.

Harvey Mitchell, dairy superintendent, who accompanied the Boer delegates on their provincial tour, has an offer from them to go to South Africa to establish and superintend cheese factories and creameries.

Rev. Mr. Barr, of London, Eng., laid before the Immigration Department a proposition to bring a specially-selected class of immigrants to settle in six townships in Northern Alberta. Some of those who intend emigrating have considerable sums of money. If the arrangement succeeds Mr. Barr will locate with the party.

Joseph Griffin, a twelve-year-old boy, of Montreal, gave up his life to save his five-year-old brother. They were playing in the rear of the New York Laundry, St. Catherine and St. Ursula Sts., when an outside elevator descended, under which the little brother was pinned. Joseph, seeing his brother dashed to the floor, hit it so firmly with his fist that he was a passenger, and rescued all others on the train.

The London Daily Express says that negotiations for a settlement of all outstanding controversies between Britain and France are making satisfactory progress.

The coal miners of Belgium threaten a general strike unless their demands for an increase of wages are complied with.

There was a slight eruption of the Soufrière Volcano, Island of St. Vincent, between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday night, and it became a full eruption at one o'clock in the morning, lasting until 4:30 a.m. It was accompanied by a fall of coarse sand. Kingstown was not damaged.

An official statement at Washington announces the settlement of the miners' strike.

At a fire in Albany, N.Y., a fireman and a watchman were killed and several firemen injured.

The striking miners' convention agreed to resume work.

British Briefs.

Lord Roberts has promised to try to visit the United States next year.

Lord Kitchener sailed from England to take command of the British forces in India.

The King gave a banquet at Buckingham Palace to Lord Kitchener prior to his departure to take command of the forces in India.

Lord Strathcona and Sir Frederick Darley, Governor of New South Wales, have been appointed to the commission of inquiry into the conduct of the South African war.

The British Parliament reassembled on Oct. 16th.

Important discoveries of petroleum have been made in the Walkerstroom district of the Transvaal. The prospectors found an oil-bearing area many miles square, and state that the oil is equal to the best standards produced in Scotland. Development operations are proceeding in charge of a syndicate.

News has reached England from Somaliland admitted to be a serious description. Colonel Swaine is now retreating from Muding in the hills of British Somaliland to Pobote, 150 miles distant. Presumably he must then fall back to Burro, the chief British frontier post, 90 or 100 miles away. Burro is 90 miles from Berbera, on the coast. The Mullah must have about 15,000 to 20,000 men, of whom about 20 per cent. have rifles.

Rear-Admiral Chas. Beresford, now in the United States, has been promoted to the rank of vice-admiral. Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour has become His Majesty's principal naval aide-de-camp.

It is reported that Premier Bond, of Newfoundland, has succeeded in concluding a reciprocity treaty with the United States.

During an exciting scene in the British Parliament, Premier Balfour moved the suspension of John O'Donnell, and the latter crossed the floor, stood in front of Mr. Balfour, shouted defiance, and shook his fist in the Premier's face. Mr. O'Donnell was suspended by a vote of 341 to 51.

International Items.

Twenty-two villages in Macedonia are in complete revolt, and half a battalion of Turkish troops has been annihilated by insurgents in the Kozani Delta. The news emanates from sources which have indirectly minimized the trouble. The situation consequently appears suddenly to have grown worse.

The Boer Generals, Botha, De Wet, and Delarey, were welcomed at Paris, and were presented with \$15,000 collected by the Society for the Aid of Boer Children.

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The German subscriptions for the Poor Fund totalled \$75,000.

Five persons were drowned by the collapse of a bridge at Constantinople.

The forces under President Castro are reported to have inflicted a crushing defeat on the Venezuelan insurgents.

The Swiss authorities have announced that the men who refused to serve with the militia when they were called out to quell street riots will be tried by court-martial. Hundreds of the comrades of these men declare that they were compelled to do what they did, and that they will return their rifles and equipment to headquarters and will not serve in the militia again. The Federal authorities, nevertheless, persist in their determination to hold the court-martial.

Brashevsky and Morin were killed at Paris while operating a flying machine.

Additional Turkish troops have been despatched to deal with the raiding Bulgarian and Macedonian bands.

Emperor William of Germany and the King of Portugal will visit King Edward on the latter's birthday, Nov. 9th.

The Hague tribunal's decision in the pious fund arbitration between Mexico and the United States orders the former to pay the latter \$43,150 yearly.

The French Government proposes to create new taxation amounting to \$41,400,000.

President Castro, of Venezuela, is reported to have won a signal victory over the revolutionaries.

The German Coal Miners' Association has forwarded \$1,250 to the United States striking miners.

The Turkish Government claims that the Bulgarian revolutionary bands have been completely defeated.

The financial panics announce that gold has been discovered in the Congo Free State.

Prince Herbert Bismarck has determined to enter the Reichstag again.

Prussia is determined to acquire six of the principal railroads, now in private hands. The first is the East Prussian Southern, the second the Märkisch-Märkische, the third the Altmark-Köthen, the fourth the Star-gard-Kuestrin, the fifth the Kiel-Plempenburg, and the sixth the Broslau-Warsaw, the whole amounting to \$58 millions, with \$19,250,000 capital, for which the Government has offered a somewhat larger sum.

QUOTATION FROM MAX O'RELL

In His New Book, Entitled, "Between Ourselves."

"For years the submerged ones of England seemed abandoned of God and man. Their cries of despair were uttered in vain. No one seemed to be reminded of their existence, certainly not the Anglican Church, which moves in good society, and contented itself with saying, 'One day these people may, like ourselves, enter the Kingdom of Heaven; let them be patient and wait.'

"Then appeared a man who thought these poor wretches might have a bit of heaven in this world, and that 'yellowism' applied in strong doses did not some good. He went to them, got them out of their holes, and made them sit in the streets with the accompaniment of cymbals, timbrels, and big drums. Yes, that was 'yellowism,' but he was successful.

"His name is William Booth, General of the Salvation Army, who today gives every year three hundred thousand dinners for a penny, and over five hundred thousand breakfasts to the poor for a halfpenny. Had he adopted any other method than 'yellowism' one would have failed miserably."

We fail to praise the ceaseless ministry of the great inaccurate world around us, because its kindness is unobtrusive. Nature is always noiseless, all her greatest gifts are given in secret and we forget how truly every good and perfect gift comes from without and from above; because no pause in her changeless benevolence teaches us the sad lesson of depravity.

If you are an uncommonly good Christian, you can prove it more easily by your good deeds than by your loud words.

WHAT ABOUT THE BOY?

GENERAL BOOTH ON THE BOY PROBLEM.

The St. John Daily Telegraph asked General Booth what he had to say regarding "the boy problem," which is of so much interest to St. John at present. Read what he said:

"A boy had better go to hell ignorant than with his head full of knowledge. Education won't save from the devil, for the most desperate of sinners have been the greatest scholars and have fallen to the lowest depths. Religion is not a thing of the head, but of the heart.

"Boys want to hold on, and I know of no other way to get hold of them except by offering such things as will attract them. Religion has no attraction for boys. The things done to amuse and interest them must lead up to religion. Don't force a boy to his knees before he is ready. Let him go down just when he likes—not before. One must convince them of his own disinterestedness, and the worker requires a good deal of patience and special fitness. A boy is often impressed with earthly advantages when he can't see the everlasting advantages which flow from God."

Have Much Patience.

"Human nature hardly seems to have patience enough in dealing with the boys and girls. What if they do fall back time and again? Isn't that all the more reason for the exercise of greater love and patience?"

"Greater within the boys good desires. There are various ways to accomplish this with a class of boys, though 50 per cent. may be worse than before in a month's time. Then, as a rule, they are pronounced wholly bad. Boys don't understand hypocrisy; they can't play double, and many in the homes have the letter of religion always before them, without which they see all this, and it leaves its lasting impress. Undue familiarity breeds contempt, and a boy who in this way has become familiar with the great doctrines is handicapped.

"If a man goes into a meeting and has religion thrust ~~in~~ down his throat, he come out hating it worse than when he went in. Unless there is something done to attract and amuse the man he never goes back—why should the boy?"

Must Have Excitement.

"The world is full of excitement, and the poor, toiling, struggling masses, with their aching, weary hearts, will not go to a place unless there is something to soothe and make life more endurable."

"People must have excitement. If they don't get it one way they will another, and yet they are damned if they get it in religion!"

"Man doesn't live by bread alone, he must have something to entertain his mind, to amuse and gratify, and if you won't give it to him in religion, then he must have it somewhere else."

"The boy question is a difficult problem. I was talking this matter over with my son just before I left, and we decided the only way to effectively handle this question was to get hold of the newsboys, which number some 7,000 or 8,000 in London, and get them to allow us to hear their troubles, and in this manner help them along and keep them out of the streets."

"There seems at present to be an epidemic in that direction throughout the civilized world. Juvenile criminality is increasing in Paris and London and the other large cities of the Old Country. Gangs of young boys, varying in age from 12 to 20, prowl about the streets and commit all manner of offences, so terrifying ordinary people that they are afraid to be out after dark. Boys of the night, and by them some dreadful things have been done."

"To effect a reform in this direction we have held meetings which have been nicknamed 'Hooley-gane' and our efforts through these meetings have been met with some success. We simply invite the youth to these meetings, which are held at or about 11 o'clock at night. Coffee is served, and everything done to make them attractive."

Our Soldiers' Page.

Daily Readings

"The discretion of a man deferreth his anger; and it is his SUNDAY. glory to pass over a transgression."—Prov. xii. 11. Forgiving injuries. Sir Matthew Hale, the celebrated judge, had so completely gained the government of his passions that, though naturally of a quick temper, he was never seen in a passion, nor did he ever resent injuries. One day a person who had done him a great injury came to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate, which he very readily gave him, but would accept no fee for it. When he was asked how he could behave so kindly to a man who had wronged him so much, his answer was, "I thank God that I have learned to forgive and forget."

"Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them; and after that his brother talked with him."—Gen. xiv. 15. Our readers will do well to read the whole chapter. Brotherly love. In a village churchyard in Staffordshire, the following evening may be seen. It is there applied to a husband and to "brother"; it may be singularly appropriate to Joseph, for surely he is worthy of the praise implied in the description of a most admirable character:

"He was—but words are wanting to say what? Think what a 'brother' should be. He was that!"

Joseph, as a lad, helped his brothers; as a prince, he pardoned them; as a man he wept with them over their dead father. Another example of brotherly love is in Calo. When he was asked who was his best friend, he answered, "My brother," and next to his, "My brother." "And who after that?" "Still my brother." Yet there is a friend who sticketh closer than a brother. Who is He?

"And that servant, who knew his Lord's will, and prepared TUESDAY. not himself, neither did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes."—Luke xii. 47. Rev. F. R. Meyer, speaking of the things which go to make a great life, said, "Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win His smile and approval, and to do good to men; it is harder to pioid on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompence of Christ. To fulfil fully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; hear chiding annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillow and stake; to find the one noble trait in people who try to molest you; to be the kindest construction of unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to drink from a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers; or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life."

"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our WEDNESDAY. faith."—Mark viii. 5. Sister Thompson, of South Africa, had been sick for weeks, and had taken a "dose of medicine." Christians had visited and prayed with her, but she says, "the prayer of faith that brought the healing power to

my body, and a blessing to my soul was offered up by a converted apostle, who seemed to take hold of God in a remarkable manner." Not only was she healed then and there, but her servant, who was sleeping at the bed-foot, awoke crying for salvation, and got converted a little afterwards. Lord, increase our faith!

"For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all that will call upon Thee."—Ps. lxv. 5. "Lord, if You see anyone hiding behind anyone else in this crowded meeting, may they rush from their hiding-place, crying for mercy." The prayer was hardly uttered by the officer, before a lady who was really hiding behind a big man at the back, pushed her way through the crowded aisle, and threw herself at the penitent form, crying, "Lord, be merciful to me, sinner!" She got converted that night, and has often publicly testified to the fact.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and as FRIDAY, a cloud, the sins."—Isa. xlii. 22. The meeting had hardly started at Sealwood, South Africa, in fact while the first hymn was being sung, she volunteered and

came boldly out to the penitent form, where she quickly found salvation, before our soldiers had all testified. So she stood up and said, "I have often attended Army meetings, and have sometimes wondered why others have got converted, and not me. But last night I dreamt I saw the Saviour, and I asked Him about it. 'Why did you not come to the penitent form and show yourself to Me?' He asked, adding, 'then I would have blotted out your sins.' So to-night I came, and He has done it; glory be to His name! Now I mean to tell others how to come to Christ!"

"And He said unto them, Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith."—Mark iv. 40. Since it is reasonable, says Dean Swift, "to suppose that things we should suspect of all doubt, that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things." As a matter of fact, we all believe many things which we would not and could not demonstrate. A man may have perfect faith in the truth of his wife or of his friend; he may be most wise in not listening to a question on the matter, yet other people have been deceived in such confidence, and he would be unable to give any logical proof that it was impossible for himself to make a mistake such as theirs.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

A GLANCE AT ARMY WORK AROUND THE WORLD IN 1882.

Tis not in the power of language, spoken or written, to convey to the minds of our readers any adequate idea of the terrible persecutions and sufferings borne by our noble comrades in France and Switzerland, which were, perhaps the most dismal fields of Spiritual warfare. In spite of it all, "En Avant!" was their motto, and forward, step by step, they advanced. Even when the Goitains of infidelity struck across the track, and when the fiery furnace of persecution was heated to the highest pitch before their very eyes, and when Government decrees put a dungeon penalty on every prayer meeting and every effort to save the lost, though oppressed by police and

"Blood-Thirsty Moors," and though expulsion and exile sought to shut out the message of salvation from cities and people, God gave them the victory and helped them to march "En Avant!" Wherever the Army methods have been brought to bear upon the kingdoms of darkness, God has honored them with success.

Detailed accounts of these five years of warfare, of expulsions, imprison-



The Police Persecutions in Switzerland.

with the words, "It is too beautiful," on his bed, his spirit took its flight to its heavenly home. Thus he died, a martyr for God! Perhaps the most difficult part of our work here, especially in Paris, was the selling of



Even our Girls were Brutally Treated by the Gendarmes.

the "En Avant!" Selling in the cafes and on the streets, our officers and soldiers were stoned, arrested, imprisoned, and persecuted in every possible way, yet God blessed this work, and it is carried on to-day with great success.

It was in the autumn of 1882 that our little illustrated "En Avant!" was at length launched, after desperate tussles with the language. It at once became a great help to the work, and has been used of God for many definite cases of conversion. We soon had subscribers in all parts of France, and also in Switzerland, Belgium, and among scattered groups of French-speaking emigrants in distant lands. As many as 1,500 copies have been sold in one week on the streets of Paris, with this feature that a Frenchman will ever read better what he pays for than what he gets for nothing. He feels a sort of duty to himself to get the value for his money. So the satiric is sure to read, even if only to get a laugh, and thus the truth can penetrate his heart and arouse his conscience. Even torn or soiled fragments of the paper have gone on doing their work.

On the first "fete des morts" (fete of the dead) after the appearance of "En Avant!" we issued a number especially prepared for the occasion. Fifteen hundred copies were sold in one afternoon among the crowds who attended the great cemetery of Pere Lachaise to visit the tombs of their relatives.

In Switzerland the fight was terrible. Our officers went about with their lives in their hands. Expelled English officers crossed the frontier at night or in disguise, and held meetings in this forbidden soil so far without being caught, though the police on one occasion just arrived in hot haste as the bird had flown.

No book can truly tell the story of this year, the struggles all along our lines, the inner victory gained, of which the outer was but a result. But the fight was being successfully waged, and the foundation was laid for the grand work we have there to-day.

(To be continued.)

SELF-RESTRAINT.

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness: whilst others, it may be much less gifted, make their way easily and steadily, and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity, and self-control.

When good comes to anyone, rejoice.

The largest outward success are vain if our faith does not take in the "mercy seat" and the covenant of God's promise and love.

Our War

THE establishment of the French Army in Paris in 1881. Its field of battle.

Rue Oberkampf, in the Commune quarter of Paris. And indeed the heroic gendarmes were the first to play the Army flag. France—alone, without surely knowing the language.

Nothing would give a better idea of the fighting in the same following lines which from a number of the English papers.

"What tumultuous scene our remembrance. In the meeting the crowd burst into the streets, we don't want to be deceived in Jesus Christ!"

"Ah! I know about that. Do you know Him?" reply the lets. "Yes, you have been we know it; that is what come here to bring you to him."

"Truth! There is no lie here! None of them are liars."

"How we praised God! Our soldiers never return blow, or insult for insult; they have been struck, wounded by all manner thrown at them."

Such truly heroic were not without results. They became sober men, moderate families, and hard working Christians gave themselves soul to the service of the bauched men gave up their vice.

A corps was one. From Paris the work the Provinces, and the French Salvation Army raising up its own officers, and need the expenses of the work. Today the French Field Army established in the No. 3 Rue Auber, and a hope and salvation flocks towns of France and in the country villages. Various the social uplifting of the classes have been commenced.

The Salvation Army is placed amongst the Association recognized in France by its Statutes at the Prefecture in conformity with the Law.

The Present Leader of the Salvation Army Commissioner G. S. Ra the pioneer officers of the Army.

But what are some done and these few Social is comparison with the need?

What is even the administration of the churches of various kinds? The governments which have raised there in France Lighthou

tion?

What is it in the drining shops, where could claim themselves, body?

What is it before the places of debauchery, youth goes down to the dead?

What is it before the misery, poverty, and de

Set the World on

When our Lord Jesus the earth, after a mighty miracles and wonders, he left behind Him a few few disciples, at there were foolish, unwise, poor people, these little weak ones according to: out filled with love and the Holy Spirit.

What did they do? world on fire. They over its foundations the heat was in power to such a in the second century wrote:

The number of Christ greatly increased, that castles, the islands, ar

Our World-Wide Warfare.

FRANCE.

THE establishment of the Salvation Army in Paris dates from 1881. Its field of action was in Rue Oberkampf, in the populous and Communist quarter of "the Temple."

There terrible fighting against sin and infidelity. Heroic young girls, who were the first to plant the Salvatorian Army flag in France, had to undergo—alone, without support, scarcely knowing the language.

Nothing would give a better idea of the fighting in the early days than the following lines which we took from a number of the *Le Avant* published at that time:

"What tumultuous scenes come to our remembrance. In the middle of the meeting the crowd breaks out into shouts of 'We don't want any religion! We do not believe! Down with Jesus Christ!'

"Ah! you shout that because you do not know Him," reply the Salvationists. "Yes, you have been deceived; we know it; that is why we have come here to bring you the truth."

"Truth! There is no truth! Religion is a stupid affair. None of that here! None of that here!"

"How we praised God that our soldiers have never returned blow for blow, or insult for insult, even when they have been struck, insulted, or wounded by all manner of things thrown at them."

Such Truly Heroic Fights

were not without results. Brunkards became sober men, model fathers of families, and hard workers. Anarchists gave themselves up body and soul to the service of Jesus; debauched men gave up dissipation and vice.

A corps was opened, then a second one. From Paris the work spread to the Provinces, and little by little the French Salvation Army was formed, raising its own officers and partially covering the expenses of the work.

Today the National Headquarters is established in the heart of Paris, at No. 3 Rue Auber, and our banner of hope and salvation floats in the large towns of France and in many of the country villages. Various works for the social uplifting of the outcast classes have been commenced.

The Salvation Army has taken its place amongst the Associations legally recognized in France by registering its Statutes at the Prefecture of Police in conformity with the Law of Associations.

The Present Leader

of the Salvation Army in France is Commissioner G. S. Bullock, one of the pioneer officers of the Salvation Army.

But what are some dozens of halls and these few Social institutions in comparison with the need of the hour?

What is even the admirable work of the churches of various faiths? Work of all kinds? The generous movements which have raised here and there in France lighthouses of salvation?

What is it in the face of the 500,000 drinking shops, where our French people ruin themselves, and sell their souls?

What is it before the numerous places of debauchery, where our youth goes down to the "dwellings of death"?

What is it before the depths of misery, poverty, and despair?

Set the World on Fire.

When our Lord Jesus Christ left the earth, after His ministry filled with mighty and wonderful works, He only left behind Him eleven apostles and a few disciples, among whom there were feeble women. But these poor people, these "little ones," these weak ones according to the world, set out filled with love and baptized by the Holy Spirit.

What did they do? They set the world on fire. They overturned from its foundations the heathenism which was in power to such an extent that in the second century Tertullian wrote:

"The number of Christians has so greatly increased, that people have risen up against us. The country, the castles, the islands, are filled with

Christians; persons of all ages, both sexes, and all classes of society, even those of the first rank, hasten to enrol themselves amongst them."

What God has done once, can He not do again? Come and enrol yourself in our holy crusade, under the cross and the flag!

"I am a stranger visiting this country. It is quite a surprise to encounter, perhaps on some great thoroughfare, or amongst the tables of some large cafe, an officer of the Salvation Army offering its weekly paper for sale.

A group of young people, evidently come for a bit of fun, some work-girls of the Rue de la Paix who had promised themselves a pleasant evening, some wandering sight-seers, and even some "dear-maries," stop to listen. All these people seem very attentive!

"A salvationist rises on the platform and says:

"My friends and brothers, let us begin by offering this evening's meeting to God. May He bless it, and may it bring some penitent to Him—to Jesus."

"Before he had finished a very tall thin man rises. He is a leader in the Army. With a powerful voice he cries:

"Let us sing, my brothers; let us sing, let us celebrate the glory of Jesus," and at once everybody begins, to an attractive air, a hymn of joy.

I was; I returned here several times, and one evening, after weeping, I came here, rose and confessed my sins, and promised henceforth to consecrate myself to God. And I felt how greatly I was changed. Oh, now I live—now I am happy. If anybody does not believe it, they have only to look at me. I bless Thee, O Savior!"

The testimonies continue—and then the old man who presides after delivering an address, prays. All the Salvationists are kneeling, some with hands joined, others looking up to heaven, others bowed down to the ground, and one hears on every side, "Yes, Thou canst. Do it, Jesus," in response to the leader that souls may be saved. Then all the audience join in a chorus:

"It is a strange sight, and whilst the last couplet is sung the staff go about amongst the audience. Every Salvationist goes and sits by the side of a sinner, and talks to him about the Army, about his salvation, the Lord, etc."

Hand of Brotherhood.

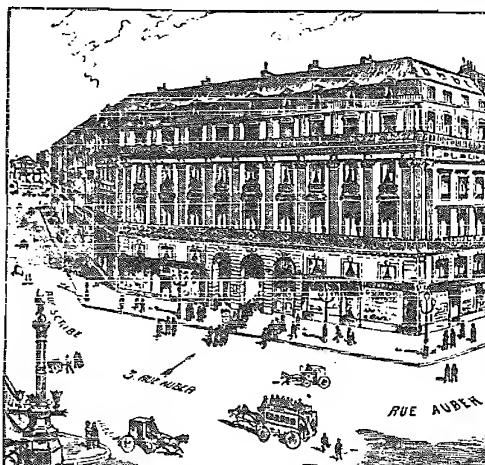
We rejoice especially in the growing brotherhood everywhere that the Army stretches out a hand of true brotherhood towards everyone in need, no matter what that need may be; and this, slender as may be our means, we always guarantee to all comers a personal sympathy and interest infinitely more precious than money, and which, being produced by the eternal love of God, continues year after year unchanged.

But we are compelled still to seek help from our friends to sustain this work, because most of those who in France have the means to assist are either prejudiced entirely against anything like a religious mission of this kind, or have as much as they can do to sustain such efforts connected with their own churches.

WHAT RELIGION IS.

Life comes before growth. The soldier must enlist before he can serve. In vain, direction how to keep the fire ever burning on the altar, if first it be not kindled. No religion can be genuine, no goodness can be consistent and true, unless springs not, as its primary source, from within Jesus Christ. To know Christ in His Saviour—to come with all my guilt and weakness to Him in whom trembling penitence never fails to find a Friend—to cast myself at His feet in whom all that is sublime in Divine holiness is softened, though not obscured, by all that is beautiful in human tenderness; and believing in that love stronger than death, which, for me, and such as me, drained the cup of unutterable sorrows, and bore without a murmur the bitter curse of sin, to trust my soul for time and eternity into His hands—this is the beginning of true religion.

You may be deprived of rank and riches against you will; but not of virtue against your consent.



The Headquarters of the Salvation Army in France, 3 Rue Auber, Paris.

The Army has so generally been regarded as an English institution that it is a common experience to such cases for the officers to be saluted with an "On, es," or expression in English. But, though introduced into this country from England, the work has been so successful in reproducing itself, that there is

No Longer an English Officer

laboring in any French corps.

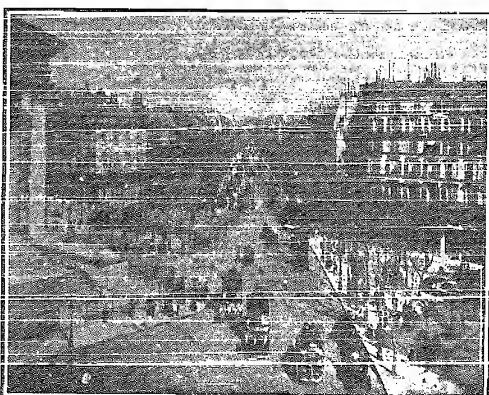
In the largest cities, as well as in Paris, and in many country districts, the Army's work is being done exactly as in England and America, but by means of those who have been brought to give themselves to God in its French meetings. Such meetings have often been much smaller than the English ones, owing chiefly to the want of means to hire large buildings; but it matters not whether fifty or five hundred people sing our songs and hear our testimonies as to the power of Christ to save, renew, or preserve those who trust in Him. The old story tells us wherever it is heard from the lips of one who lives in the joy of it, and, also, there are amidst all the large populations of today only too many without hope in the world, who need to hear the old message of love Divine.

The following description of one of our meetings written recently

By a Newspaper Correspondent, who shows plainly enough his own want of spiritual union with us, is so characteristic of what may be seen and heard amongst us in any of our meetings that we prefer it as a testimony both to the nature of our work and its results over anything we could ourselves recount.

"The meeting had already begun when I entered. The Army was at its best.

"The platform was an old man with white hair and beard. Mixed up in the hall were Salvation soldiers and profane persons. Beside me sat a big man—probably a tradesman of the neighborhood—with his wife and grown-up daughters. Further on were



Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris.

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first song announced by the General himself—an old favorite of his which we have heard him repeat to many a hungry throng across the wide Atlantic. "Cleansing for me."

"Not quite the hymn one would have expected," reflected an evidently respectable person who had left their own church for the first time in untold years to hear the General preach, "but I suppose it is the Army's way." Yes, it is the Army's way, and the Army General's way to preach to all and every kind of soul the necessity of a heart-renewal in every thought, word, and deed. A high standard, as the General showed us that morning, but as he pointed out, a not impossible one. For this lady there were some surprises in store.

We were to have a wonderful time this morning. The General said so, and in our own very bones we believed that we were.

"We had a wonderful time last night," said the General, glancing over the crowd. "It is a pity that you were not here to get blessed. Instead of being tucked away in that easy chair you have over by the stove. The only way to pull some of you folks out is to burn those easy chairs, then we shall have a chance of getting you to the meetings."

This was the General's first public meeting in St. John so far as the present campaign was concerned, and hence a few words of greeting must be spoken. They were, however, very brief. The General seemed impatient to get to definite dealing with the souls of the people. He had come, he told them, to do what he could to point forward to the imminent return of Christ, and to cast out the devil. "I suppose," with one of his humorous flashes, "you have still got a devil in some shape or form in Canada nowadays. I am not so intimately acquainted with him as I am with the devil on the other side, and I dare say he's not so bad (or you think he is not) as the devil they've got over the border. But the devil's the devil all the same, and I've no doubt he now and then looks you up."

Some of us had our heads turned inside out and upside down that morning. The ones who believed that religion meant a long face and a bony heart had to own that he knew nothing about it at all, and the woman who had been grieving because the profession she felt bound to make debarred her from the worldly pleasures she hankered after, discovered that she had not the right kind of thing at all. The independence of a boy that the troubles of the world have not power to stymie, the stories of a boy which the temptations of a world had not power to do, the earnestness of a boy which the hour and article of death but sprang up in new life to the dawn of an eternal morrow—this, we realized, was true religion.

Was ours of this kind, or was it a miserable dragging of duty and inclination—the cue toward God and the other toward the world?

"Oh, the thousands of people," cried the General, "who seek to live on the promises of God, and yet hanker after the forbidden things of the world! Like the Children of Israel, when God had brought them through and out from bondage of their Egyptian service, yet hankered after the onions of Egypt that had tickled their palates. Oh, this hankering after the onions—the pleasure—the companionship of this world. You know you can't save your soul and have them, but you want them—onions."

The illustration was one of exceptional force and hit more than one heart, which was irreproachable in outward seeming, in a particularly tender way. That there was deliverance from this desire, as well as from the actual doing of wrong, was plainly declared. The man who was arguing with his own conscience that so long as he did not seek the sin, the wish for it God would not remove or reprove was forestalled.

"Oh, doubting, hesitating heart," said the General, "don't limit the power of God. People are always saying, 'I cannot do this,' and 'cannot do that.' For my part, I haven't been going about all these years without finding out what He can do, and I tell you His power is boundless, and boundless on your behalf."

So they proved it. Fifteen men and women that morning—some of them representing the heart-struggles of years. If we mistake not the ranks of

officership will be enriched by some consecrations made this and there.

"Well, one more, and it will have to be the last." The

SUNDAY door-keeper's usually serene countenance looked slightly ruffled, and we pushed within the very meagre aperture he granted our entrance without worrying him with questions.

Once within, the mystery was explained. The Opera House represented a state of congregation which might have been described as of every greater and greater intensity of excitement, and the door-keeper's eyes shone with a kind of alarm. We pushed open the doors of the arena as we passed, but there was not an inch of standing-room. Then we remembered the eager crowd which had clamored at our heels up the stairs, and wondered not at our grudging admission.

Five minutes later we stood in the registration room—marked on the door "Chorus ladies," but now crowded with the most contrite and penitent of our penitents—after chamber and already sanctified by the tears and resolutions of sons newly-washed in the blood of the Lamb. The window overlooked the street, and we leaned out. The street was lined with men. "Can't you let us in?" they pleaded, and in answer to the negative reply they shouted, "Well, tell us what time to come to-night; we must bear him." Some of these were unkempt tramps, and one heart-renewed the others. "The General is after us," we murmured, but the remembrance of the many frayed coat-sleeves that we had already noticed elbowing the daintiest wrists of weatherly folks, and hope and pray that those outside would be on time for the meeting to-night, and for salvation.

Within, the scene was one of inspiration. The flood of waving white handkerchiefs, the round, flushed faces of the young who greeted the General, the general air of piety and piety. Everybody was joyful and jubilant. Everybody was all they had of vigor and voice into it, down to the man at the back of the platform who either did not own or had mislaid his pocket-handkerchief and waved a chair frantically instead.

But the Commissioner is at the front, song-book in hand, the hand is ready, and at her word a rousing opening verse is sung—sung with a will and volume that make the Opera

House resound as it has never echoed to warlike strains. Then Oracine's slender Pollard pray. There is but a brief preliminary, and the General is again on his feet. "What has he for us this afternoon?" is the thought of all. Some look forward with unfeigned pleasure to the inspiration which they know is in store; others, with darker hearts, dread the thought of the conviction which for them they know is coming. Nor are they mistaken. The General's "General" are words which bring into the heads of the people, his knowledge of their transgressions, manifestly inspired. Strong men tremble and women shake as he shows up the hidden unrighteousness of their souls.

The air heated by a vapor of a sultry afternoon becomes charged into a severer intensity. The weight of spiritual conflict rests upon the crowd. The soul of the people is in travail on account of its sin. The sceptic is not forgotten; his so-called friends are covering too often unconfessed sins, and the General's words bring him into the light. "How can I tell you what the peace and power of God is in the heart, or what are its workings?" It cannot be expressed, but it can be felt—it can be known."

Was it because the strongholds of iniquity had received such rebuff that the forces of opposition lined up so strongly in the prayer meeting? We had a hand-to-hand conflict, and the six souls who pressed their way through the crowd were the results of an almost superhuman struggle.

"O Lord, let Thy voice speak to that man that is in the gallery

SUNDAY marked out for EVENING. Death. O Lord, let Thy mercy appeal to that woman downstairs whose hours even now may be numbered."

It was the night meeting—the Opera House was jammed to the doors, which were again closed to a disapproving throng, and Colonel Lawley was praying. Solemn words, you say—it was a solemn meeting.

The defiant joy of this opening song, given out by the Commissioner, and further emphasized by the General, laid hold of the crowd as they sang, at the General's bidding, notes that



The Hon. L. J. Tweedie,
Premier of New Brunswick.

were loud, long, and full. It was the old tune, "Will you go?"

"No," said the General, as the Commissioner's sweet voiced entreaty pleaded, "My old companions, fare you well." "As for myself, I have made my choice. I am on the road to heaven; and though the company might be the happiest and best on earth (which it is not) I will not tread the downward path to please anybody—I am going on."

Only the pen of the recording angel can keep the minutes of that meeting, or the General's words. Before the gaze of conscience stood the judgment throne was erected. Men saw themselves—as they had not known them were—as God saw them. The intensity of feeling was acute—almost of pain.

Was it heavenly Roentgen rays with which the General was entranced, as he swept aside the masks of form and creed and standing? Some faces looked almost distorted as they listened. They were looking at the distortion of their souls.

""Oh, come!" The General's voice was magnetic—his dominance was such men listened as to the foretelling of their doom. "The road you travel is terribly risky. Only one more step and you may splash on the brimstone wave." Yet the infinite tenderness of the speaker drew tears to the eyes unaccustomed to weep, and made the severity of his sterner utterances the more forceful. "Oh, backslider," he pleaded, "do not deem my words hard. God knows how my heart bleeds for you—how it yearns for you—how it hungers to lead you back."

The feeling grew electric as the General went on to portray the precarious position of the prostrator—the man who would not His Master, who sought God to wait his time. Then the bitter awakening, the shuddering down, when the soul woke up to its danger, turned to the neglected corner to which it had consigned its Master—turned to find God gone, and gone for all eternity.

The eternal agony of that discovery fastened itself upon the throng. Eternal issues were at stake; we felt destined were in the balance as the General closed.

Exhausted with the long day's effort, as he had have been, the General kept upon his feet, stretching out his arms again and again over the people, imporing the wanderers to come home. And they came, with marks of intense contrition upon their brows.

It was an indescribable prayer meeting. For a moment we stood at the back and watched it. The hall was nearly as full as at the start; conviction was playing havoc with the people; tears and groans were manifest on every hand, while at the stage there stood the silver-haired prophet pleading for his God and the claims of the soul. Then there was the crowded mercy seat, above which hung the heart-searching motto, in letters of white and scarlet. "You had better settle the matter now."

We turned, a wrinkled hand was on our arm, a tearful face over which April smiles were breaking was by our side. "Oh, my dear," said a feeble voice, "if this is so grand, what must—what can—heaven be like?"

And forty-one souls that night did settle it for time and eternity.

Ninety-one at the mercy seat is the record for St. John's two days, but there is yet to-night to account for, and greater things are ahead.

(Continued on page 12.)



"Grand Falls," Upper St. John River.

A Hallelujah Wedding.

A wedding took place at Clinton on Wednesday evening, Oct. 8th, when Band-Sergt. Ralph Bezzo was united in marriage to Sister Minnie Livermore. The ceremony was performed by Major McMillan. Staff-Capt. Rawling was also present. The bridegroom was Miss Susie Livermore, sister of the bride, and the groomsmen, brother Malcolm Clement. After the matrimonial knot was tied by Major McMillan, short addresses were given by the officers from Seaforth, Wingham, and Goderich, also by Adj't. Coombs, the D. G., from Petrolia. The Clinton S.A. band, in their red tunics with black braid trimmings, and shining instruments, made the meeting lively with their music. After the friends had congratulated the happy couple and congratulated them, the whole party proceeded to the barracks where a wedding banquet was held. There was an abundance of good things, and for a couple of hours the waiters were kept busy. The sister waiters were white caps, and the brothers students caps and white coats.

There was a large array of wedding presents, among them being a handsome oak chair given the groom by his fellow-employees in the finishing-room of the Wm. Doherty Organ Factory. Their many friends with their prosperous and happy future.—One who was there.

The Curiosity Shop.

Winnipeg.—Sunday's meetings were times of great spiritual outpouring. From early morning till the end of the night meeting the presence of God was very much felt. We had Brigadier and Mrs. Southall with us for the day, and after a soul-stirring fight we were able to rejoice in the capture of three prisoners. Hallelujah! Come again soon, Brigadier. If things are a little hard-looking on the surface, with prayer and faith, energy, planning, and hard work, we are able to report victory in the Harvest Festival effort again. Great credit is due to Sergt. Major Mrs. Jones and her staff of Juniors, who with the Juniors, reached their target with determination to spare. The band and the Senior brigades also rallied to the front. The sale of goods went off beautifully, and everybody who paid a visit to Ensign Smith's curiosity shop were very much struck with all the wonderful things to be found therein. A great deal of credit is due to him for the interest he manifested in helping to make our H. F. a great success. We are now

going to press forward in the endeavor to do as well in winning souls during the next few months as we have in reaching our target.—Shiner.

Glace Bay Gleanings.

There were vim and energy in all the week-end operations at Glace Bay, C. B. The officers were ably supported by the band and soldiers.

Lively soul-stirring marches, glorious open-air services, where large congregations listened attentively to prayerful exhortations, and meetings brimful of interest in every detail, were features you could not help noticing.

Every inside meeting was well attended, but on Sunday night the building was packed, while fairly as many more went away sorry that they could not get inside. One for complete deliverance and three for salvation were the visible results of the day's fight.

You would not wish to find a more loyal crowd of soldiers and friends, and the evidence of this was manifested in the way they responded to the call for a good collection. They gave very willingly, the amount being a fairly large offering, although it was midway between their pay-days.

The fight started on Saturday night and continued all day Sunday. Staff-Capt. McGillivray, from Newfoundland, led on the forces, and in a soul-stirring appeal to the comrades he drew a vivid picture of the difference between justification and sanctification, which produced a good impression in the morning service.

A bright, cheerful free-and-easy followed a good openair in the afternoon, and the crowd enjoyed both.

At night seventy soldiers were on the march, headed by the brass band. Nearly a thousand people stood in the open-air and listened to divine messages.

Long before the soldiers came in from the march, the hall was full, but soon after it was packed.

Staff-Capt. McGillivray was at his best, and backed by the Holy Spirit, the message went home.

Lient. Strothard had farewell to the comrades and friends with whom he has labored for several months past.

Altogether it was a typical Salvation Army week-end, and one must have been sadly lacking in spirituality who could not have enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Adj't. and Mrs. McLean have been in charge for some time, and they have everything well in hand.—Wanderer.

G. B. M. NOTES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN WHITE.

I have just commenced my second tour. At London I spent the week-end. God came near and blessed our souls. The Local Agents are doing very well. Although the winter's attack is a little below the last, try and pull it up to the top, comrades, for London should not be behind anything in the Province. The lantern service was well attended, and a very good income was realized.

Ridgeway came next. I made my way to Mother Waits' home, where my temporal needs were well supplied. We had a pleasant time together. The crowd was rather small, but those who were present enjoyed the meeting. Mother Green, the Local Agent, had made a slight increase upon last year. Well done! The comrades are now full stretch for a new barracks and quarters. Capt. Harman and Lt. Ellis are the officers in charge.

At Bremhill I spent the next week-end. Everyone enjoyed the Saturday night's lantern service, many saying it was the best yet. The Sunday's meetings were very good. God came very near and blessed our souls, and a poor drunken buckslider cried for mercy. May God fully save him and make him a power for good, as he has years ago. The best return was the last night. Mother McQuinn did very well, also Bro. Dan Rumball. These comrades kindly looked after my temporal needs.

I am still real well and happy, love the Lord with all my heart and soul, and am in for a good winter's work.

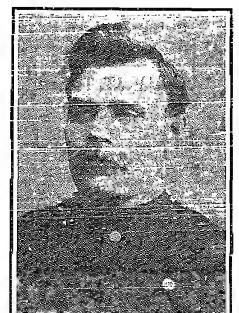
SAVED FROM THE BURNING.

"Madame" With a Heart.

(Billings Gazette.)

Capt. W. W. Lacey, of the local corps of Salvation Army workers, will go to Butte to-night, talking with him a 17-year-old girl whom the members of the Army rescued from a house of ill-repute, yesterday.

The mother of the girl lives in Helena, and has no knowledge of the downfall of her daughter, and for reasons that are quite apparent the Cap-



Capt. Brace, Pilley's Island, Nfld.

tain requests that the name of the girl be not published. She claims that she was induced to leave Helena and go to Miles City by a soldier who is located at Fort Keogh, and that her family thinks she is working at Miles. She was deserted by the soldier, and attempted to work her way back home, and upon reaching this place her funds were exhausted, and having made one false step it was easy to make the second one.

To the credit of the woman who caused the place where the girl has been staying, it is said, she reported the fact of the girl's presence in her house to the Salvation Army people, and requested them to do something for her. An officer of the Army held an interview with the girl and found that she was heartily tired of the life she had been leading for the past two weeks, and was willing to leave it instantly. At the morning service she appeared at the Salvation Army hall, and has since then been taken care of at the barracks of the Army.

Capt. Lacey says that the records of the Army show that 80 per cent. of the girls who are thus induced to leave the old life for ever, and become useful Christian women. The girl rescued yesterday will be taken to Butte and placed in the Army Rescue Home, where she will remain a year, most likely. If she continues steadfast she will be provided with employment at a good home, or returned to her mother, as she may elect.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

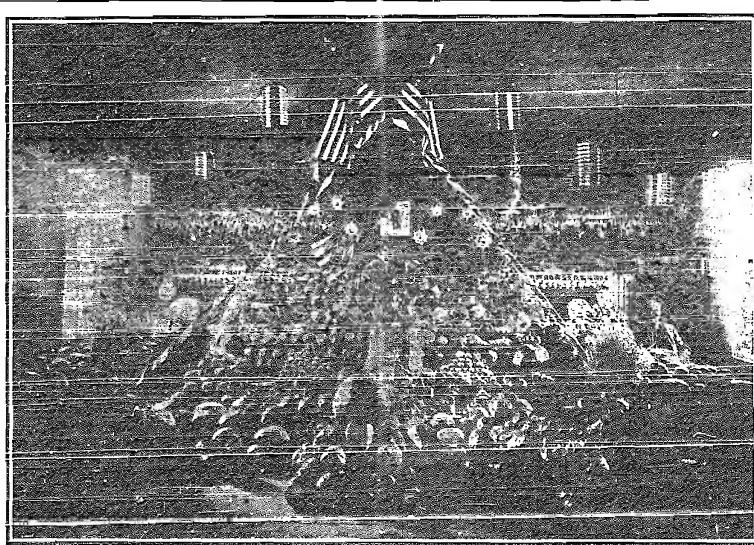
FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

The Lord has taken from our midst one of our faithful and beloved comrades, Sergt. Nancy Parker. She had been laid aside for a couple of years through old age, infirmity, etc., but still had a firm trust in the Lord. She always had a bright testimony to give of God's saving and keeping power, and would sometimes say she was going to wear a starry crown on her head, and a pair of silver slippers on her feet when she got to heaven. She was converted at Windsor, N.S., under Capt. Banks, now Mrs. Adj't. Matthy.

The funeral was well attended, and was conducted by Adj't. Jenkins of Halifax I. corps. The services in the barracks and grave were very impressive. Sergt. Parker was highly respected by all who knew her, for her simple trust in God. We sympathize with the bereaved ones, and hope to meet our dear comrade in the mansions above. In the memorial service on Sunday night three souls sought pardon.—Treas. Caslin, Halifax I.

Have a purpose in life, and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

The miseries of every minute are a new record against us in heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we should dismiss them with better reports, and not suffer them to fly away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it when they carry off not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before His glorious throne.—Milton.



Capt. Lacey's Splendid Harvest Festival Display at Billings, Mont.

The General in the Eastern Province.

(Continued from page 9.)

MONDAY AT THE RINK.

What a funny place! We shook the dust off our feet and glanced ruefully at the gaudy dust trace left upon our clothes. Did that group of lads around the door nearly choke in their endeavor to stifle their amusement?—we were so evidently unaccustomed to the interior of a rink.

"What would you do?" said the officer taking tickets. "This is the only place that will hold the General's meeting to-night. That disappointed crowd outside the Opera House twice yesterday was enough to do for the keeper's train that night. We had to close the doors half an hour before meeting-time. And look here!" We looked. A stream of humanity was pouring into the building, which was none too spacious for the vast crowd which thronged the General's last public meeting in St. John.

There was all the enthusiasm, the blessing and joy of the Sunday behind the ringing welcome with which the General was received. Souls that had been inspired in the previous meetings were all around him; ministers presided by their own services from attending on Sunday were on either side of him; officers and soldiers whose expectations were being far more than realized. Up the scene with their bright uniform, and even brighter faces.

The glorious victories of the previous night yet warm our hearts. There is a good and a grand time ahead of us.

"Is the General an alchemist, and has he discovered the secret of perpetual life?" wondered a thoughtful listener. Can it be that after such strenuous efforts, and with but the brief rest of the forenoon, he is thus full of life and vigor? And we who were better informed wondered more, for the General's forenoon had been one of tireless, increasing and arduous.

From the outset there was a feeling of exceptional freedom in the meeting. By the time the General rose to his feet the range of enthusiasm registered high. Not the last demonstrative were the leading citizens and prominent ministers who supported the General on the platform; they enjoyed it all, applauded it all, literally drank it all in in a way that was some indication of the hold which the General has upon the thought as well as the conscience of St. John.

The chairman, Premier Tweedie, introduced the General in a few graceful words of glowing appreciation. He said that the General's work had made him a world-wide reputation—the work of the Salvation Army had placed General Booth in a position perhaps filled by no other religious reformer. He came to Canada with all the vigor of youth, and with his natural force unabated. This last remark produced tremendous cheers.

Again and again during the General's fascinating narrative he was interrupted by outbursts of spontaneous applause. In a few cases was lost, not at the illustration, raised fire. Even when the speaker turned from the description of the miracles wrought and victories won for the cross by the fire to impress upon all the sense of individual responsibility for the blessing of the lost, the attention did not falter.

The General's wittier salutes produced immense delight, as when disclaiming his intention of holding any meeting in which the penitent form could not be included, he said that he would like nothing better than to see the banner of Premier inviting sinners to Christ, and that he did not think it would tend in any way to decrease that gentleman's already large popularity.

But a more exuberant applause broke out when the General commanded the work done by his people in this country, and particularized the leadership of his beloved daughter, the Field Commissioner. The mention of her name was sufficient to awake a whirlwind of admiration, and when the General called her to him to put a friendly kiss upon her brow, the excitement became terrific. Such a saint between such a father and such a daughter was an historical and moving sight.

The General at Halifax, N.S.

(By Wire.)

General's visit to Halifax was a unique success, whole city vibrating with enthusiasm; every ticket disposed of long before the hour of meeting. Doors closed at seven forty-five; streets outside filled with disappointed people. spacious Academy of Music packed from floor to ceiling; influential citizens and prominent ministers on platform. Huge crowds filled every window-seat and frescoed the walls. Hon. Giphin Jones, Lieut.-Governor, presided and welcomed the General in warm appreciative terms. General's lecture a masterpiece of information, full of interest and inspiration. Mayor Crosby and Mr. J. Macintosh, Attorney-General, proposed and seconded vote of thanks. Enthusiastic climax.

Staff-Capt. Page.

The General dealt with vital questions that night. The crowd listened with bated breath to his discussion of the problem of the world getting better and wiser. The General does not theorize, but declares the statements which have been practised and proved.

Now it is only in generalities the General spoke to us. "Audiences hate statistics," he said facetiously, "but they love mine." The figures given were unquestionable evidences of phenomenal success.

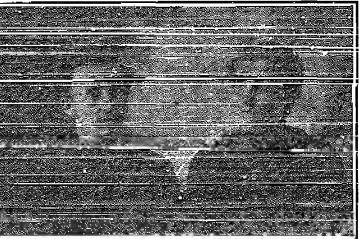
"The Salvation Army has become a recognized social and religious factor in all lands," said Mayor White. In proposing the vote of thanks, "It must be a source of satisfaction to General

Booth to know that he has actually done more for the good of mankind than any other one man in the world to-day. St. John is proud to welcome him."

Judge Foster, in seconding the vote, made a stirring speech. He compared the mission of the General to that of Luther, Knox, and Wesley, who had been, in turn, raised up by God to meet the spiritual needs of the people.

Colonel Jacob's prayer closed one of the greatest Salvation Army demonstrations ever held in St. John.

So the meetings ended—at least for the public of St. John. For the officers the best wine of the feast had yet to come.—Staff-Capt. Page.



Ensign and Mrs. Knight, St. John I.

THE DAILY PRESS AND THE GENERAL.

NEWS PAPER CUTTINGS ABOUT THE GENERAL, HIS MEETINGS AND HIS OPINIONS ON VARIOUS MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

We cannot attempt to re-print the many columns which the daily press has given to the reporting of the General's meetings, and the interviews granted by him, but we should be lacking in our sense of duty and sympathy with our readers if we did not give at least the most interesting剪报 from the newspapers regarding the General.

STILL FULL OF ENERGY, ENERGY AND POWER.

(Daily Sun, St. John, N.B., Oct. 13th.)

General William Booth is an old man—74 he was on his last birthday—and nine years have been years of work. But his zeal for the cause of Christ is as strong as ever. His heart, his burning desire to bring every soul to the truth, as he sees it; his restless energy and spiritual power are as young and vigorous as when he founded that great religious organization of which he is still the main-spring.

As men must be who have done as much as the General is a forceful man in spite of the weight of three score and fourteen years. His eyes, heavy-lidded and deepest, are keen and commanding, and some of the members of his Army are apt to forget for a moment that this white-haired patriarchal, bearded man with the strong smiling face is indeed the "General" whom he gives an order, things happen.

On the platform, with his tall, slightly stooped figure and masterful white-headed head, he presents an imposing figure. His voice, broken with much speaking indoors and out, is harsh, and at first unpleasant. But the ter-

rible earnestness behind it makes its utterances impressive. The General is eloquent; at times he rises to a pitch of rough eloquence that compels keen following, and always he is earnest, deadly in earnest, with a power that makes it felt.

Yesterday he spoke at three services, preaching nearly an hour each time. He did not speak himself. He threw the whole force of his nature into each address. He walked the platform with restless energy; he pleaded, he urged, he denounced, he exhorted. He held his ideal of life before the people and agonized lest any should fail to accept it as their own. At the close of the third speech of his tryday day he showed not a trace of weariness.

All of his sermons were evangelistic, and each was followed by a direct personal appeal to each man or woman present to leave the life they were living and come and share his glorious pathway of salvation. At these times the General's tremendous earnestness in his work was the most impressive. There was a ringing in front of the platform, covered with red, and hearing the words, "You had better settle that matter now." Across this he would lean as he pleaded with all his strength for the salvation of souls for which he yearned.

"Won't you save your soul?" he would say. "Won't you come and kneel down here and throw away all that burden that is bearing you down—down? Never mind if the people will think? It's terrible how they say. Remember that Christ dies for you in public, and that if you fall to come you'll be damned in public. You

know what you ought to do. Never mind your feelings; just arise and do it. Is there a crowd around you, and does the penitent form seem a long ways away? Jesus walked all the way to Calvary for you. Won't you come? Won't you come? Who's going to be the first?"

And he would lean forward eagerly over the railing as if he would draw them up with his hands. They did come, too. Not in a rush, but slowly, one by one, until at each meeting the penitent form was full of kneeling figures.

♦♦♦♦♦

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

(Daily Telegraph, St. John, N.B., Oct. 14th.)

Seldom is such a scene witnessed at a public gathering as was enacted at the mammoth Salvation Army meeting in St. Andrews' Rink last evening when for an instant General William Booth, commanding of the Salvation Army forces throughout the world, and Commissioner Eva Booth, head of the Army in Canada, stood locked in each other's embrace while 2,500 people watched in silence.

Then arose a mighty ovation as the incident came home that the incident was of more portent than a meeting between commander and aide, General and Commissioner—it was father and daughter strained to each other's breast in exuberance of affection.

The incident occurred as the venerable founder of the Army was telling the vast audience why he came to Canada. "I came," he said, "to congratulate my soldiers on the fight they have made. This is cause for congratulation, especially when I have in this land such a large, devoted aide as my talented daughter."

At this the audience broke into wildly enthusiastic applause. Commissioner Eva Booth, who was sitting at her father's right flushed at this well-merited praise, her face lighted up, and slowly she advanced to his side and grasped hands with him. It was for a second only, then parental love and pride swept over powerfully over all thought of place or circumstance, and father and daughter stood clasped in each other's arms while the audience stamped the act with its unanimous approbation by prolonged applause.

General Booth delivered a masterly address on the life and work of the Army. He spoke with vigor and with that natural rugged eloquence which has proved the magnet to draw to his meetings throngs which have taxed the capacity of the largest auditoriums.

At the meeting Premier Tweedie presided, and among other prominent citizens on the platform were Mayor White, Judge Forbes, Ald. T. B. Robinson, Ald. Robert Maxwell, Ald. T. H. Bullock, John Bullock, Joseph Bullock, Rev. H. F. Waring, Rev. A. Lucas, Rev. H. H. Roach, Rev. Christopher Burns, Rev. A. White, T. S. Simms, E. H. McAlpine, and others, in addition to General Booth, Commissioner Eva Booth, Colonel Lawrence, Colonel Jacobs, Brigadier Pugnire, and other Army officials.

♦♦♦♦♦

HOW TO SAVE THE DRUNKARD.

In an interview General Booth said to a Telegraph representative:

"Nine months ago, in England, I determined to make a decided and desperate effort on behalf of the drunkards. Drunkenness has increased very considerably within the later years of prosperity in England, and I intend to make a desperate effort to thwart this vice, and so gave out an order. I said: 'I want you to save 5,000 drunkards during the coming year. You must bring them out of the public-houses, you must get them out of the houses on Saturday nights, gather them together, buy them bread and give them coffee and talk to them, take them home, rescue them out of the hands of the police and visit them. Get their wives on your side.'

"We began this campaign in February and I find the bad who have been actually reclaimed to number 3,800 during the past seven months. This, to us, is very gratifying. We not only reformed them, but they joined the Army and many wear the uniform.

"Some people say, 'Wash their shirt,' but I say, 'No, wash their hearts, and then they will wash their own shirts.'

Glory! Hallelujah! More glory! More success! I saw the 10,000 girls. I haven't seen yet. I saw a h time commander.

Velvet, from his long hair, the street, the General. Willing him on with a Kodak to be sure in War Cry.

So Major far bower ar us a tick," with Gipsy Millering Jassie, there.

Chief of Phasing Sergeant of Digby, had too. Prof. Haw sang with from the G own musical star, the head of King music and piano and Lawley sang.

The Grace brightest, big of lads I ever seen. McLean was sonally. He reckon. They to Halifax, with Bretoners.

Father Wl. there. Dito Grand Manan to the salvation. His like a "crown" look better regulation as smiling and

And Georg about a yard vation, had a old comrades, or two.

Just think the brilliant, bright, who eat beans, jumped about, shouted, and his heels and

Another ch

route firm, w also cried.

Oh, it did my old comr elsewhere—St. Harry Morris, "Gipsy"—I do an English, Ad. now.

Colonel Jack

more also bleid everybody.

And the Com felt like crying a chance to sp fine, I tell y

I say, you blue when the good work ad, and when

platform, right

three thousand

knows is to h

help it. I hope

My my, my, it was! Did

Salvationists h

Nothing can ex

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but leave to

was like, hope

—F. B. S.

God likes the things. He gives of His love to and honors.

The Christi constant press

help of Christ to discourage.

SHEA AT ST. JOHN.

TOOK IN THE GENERAL'S MEETINGS.

Glory!
Hallelujah!
More glory!
More hallelujah!
I SAW THE GENERAL!
10,000 glory hallelujahs!
I haven't finished getting blessed or
shouting yet.

I saw a heavenly lot of good, old-
time comrades.

Vetno, from Halifax, was there with
his long silk hat, and didees. On
the street, some took him to the
General. While the boys were carrying
him on their shoulders, a chap with a kodak shot at him. I told him
to be sure and send the photo to the
War Cry. Hope he will, don't you?

Sergt-Major Morgan, another Hal-
ifax bowler and hustler, was there "full
as a tick" with the glory.

Gipsy Miller, a thunder and light-
ning lassie, from Moncton, was also
there.

Chief of Police Bowles, the devil-
chasing Sergt-Major and hobo hustler,
of Digby, had a warm time in St. John,
too.

Prof. Hawley, of Charlottetown,
sang with guitar accompaniment,
"From the General down to me" (his
own musical composition, I understand)
at the open-air tare-up at the
head of King St. He's a professor of
music and salvation, and tickled the
piano and everybody else when Colonel
Lawrie sang.

The Glace Bay band boys are the
brightest, biggest, and best-looking lot
of lads I ever saw in Canada. Alex
McNeil, the one I know personally.
He will pass as a sample, I
reckon. They accompany the General
to Halifax, with a great crowd of Cape
Bretoners.

Father Wise, from Newcastle, was
there. Ditto Sergt-Major Dalzell, of
Grand Manan, over six feet high, filled
from toes up with the happy kind of
salvation. His bright curly hair looks
like a "crown of glory." They would
look better if he only put a nice
regulation cap on his head. Keep
smiling and helping Johnny!

At George's Meadow, of Woodstock,
about a yard high, all smiles and sal-
vation, had a wonderful time while his
old comrades handed her down a blessing
or two.

Just think of it; a hundred souls at
the pealest form during the cam-
paign! One was from Newfoundland,
who got blessed after my style—he
jumped almost straight on his head,
shouted, and hammered the floor with
his heels and fists.

Another chap, a traveler for a To-
ronto firm, when he got the victory
also fell gay and laughed until he
shouted one more.

Oh, it did me so much good to see
my old comrades from Toronto and
elsewhere—Staff-Captains Page and
Harry Morris, Adjt. Dick Griffith, and
"Gipsy"—I don't know whether she's
an Ensign, Adjutant, or what, but she's
next thing to an angel, anyhow.

Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Pug-
nare also blessed me—in fact, they
did everybody.

And the Commissioner! I almost
felt like crying because I didn't get
a chance to speak to her, but she look-
ed at me, I tell you!

I say, you should have seen her
bliss when the General spoke about
the good work she had done in Can-
ada, and when he hugged her on the
platform, right before everybody—
three thousand people; but then, you
know, he is her father, and couldn't
help it. I hope that kodak fellow was
there and took it all, and will send
the same to the War Cry.

My, my, what a wonderful time
it was! Didn't the hundreds of
Salvationists have a royal good time!
Nothing can excel it but heaven itself.
I can't describe it, and will not try,
but leave it to you to imagine what it
was like, hoping you will feel like
kicking yourself for not being there.
—F. E. S.

God likes the men who chooses hard
things. He gives hard tasks as proof
of His love to those whom He trusts
and honors.

The Christian who counts on the
constant presence and the continuous
help of Christ is a person who is hard
to discourage.

to do. Never
just arise and do
around you, and
turn seem a long
walked all the
you. Won't you
come? Who's
?"

forward eagerly
if he would draw
lands. They did
rush, but slowly,
each meeting the
full or kneeling

SCENE.

John, N.B. Oct.

one witnessed at a
as enacted at a
Army meeting in
the evening when
William Booth,
Salvation Army
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in the head of the
and looked in each
while 2,500 people

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tment that a meet-
under and aide-
missioner—it was
strained to a
struance of aff-

red as the vener-

was toiling
who he came to
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on the right they
is cause for con-

where that I have in
devoted side
other" — it was
ence broke into
applause. Com-

who was sitting
it flushed at this
her face lighted
advanced to his
hands with him
only, then parental
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place of circum-
daughter stood
's arm while the
the act with its
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eloquence to
met to draw to his
which have tax-
largest auditor-

Premier Tweedie
other prominent
platform were
Forbes, Adjt. T. B.
F. Lovell, Adjt.
Bullock, John
F. Waring, Rev.
H. Roach, Rev.
Rev. J. White,
McAuliffe, and
General Booth,
Booth, Colonel
the Salvation Pug-
officials.

0. BRUNKARD.
General Booth said
asentative:

0. In England, I
a definite and
behalf of the
ess has increased
within the later
in England, and I
cooperate effort to
—I gave out an
call to the young
the climbing
tress out of the
not get them out
Saturday nights,
in your halls
and talk to them
serve them out of
and visit them
your side.

campaign in Feb-
—I have
med to number
it seven months
—We
these, but they
many meet the

Wash their shirt,
their own shirts."



The General's Letters TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

PRAYER.—No. 1.

My Dear Comrades,—

I wrote you two letters on this
subject some time ago, but so closely
allied is it to your peace, power, and
usefulness, that I feel constrained to
say something further on the same
theme.

In the letters to which I have just
referred, I dwelt on some of the more
important subjects for which we ought
to pray, and gave some reasons for
doing so. In this letter I want to
speak of the manner you should ap-
proach God in order to secure the
blessings you desire.

To be able to pray so as not only
to reach the ear and move the heart
of God, but to move the countenance
of God, is to move the countenance
of God in the spirit of the command-
ment.

God has manifested the satisfaction
with which He regards that kind of
prayer by the marvelous answers He
has given to it all the way down the
stream of history. All good men enjoy
a measure of the gift, and covet much
more.

Bad men fear it, and stand in dread
of those whom they have reason to be-
lieve possess it. The fervent effectual
prevailing prayer, of which the Apost-
le James speaks, is altogether a won-
derful thing. Give it the old hymn-writer
says—

"Prayer makes the darkest cloud with-
draw,

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

To try and show you how you can
offer this kind of a prayer is, then,
the object of this letter. My task is
rather difficult. I need not say that
you will make little progress if you
offer up that kind of Spirit which
comes with the New Heart, and which
causes the soul to cry out, "Abba,
Father, my Lord and my God!" I
shall assume that you possess this
Divine instinct, and that you do here
and now join me in the request—

"O Lord, be where we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!"

The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray."

There are different kinds of prayer.
There is to seek, to demand, and the
circumstances of those offering prayer
differ, render the character of
their prayers different. The prayer
of the publican in the temple, and the
dying cry of the thief on the cross
were called forth by different circum-
stances from that of Elijah when he
lay prostrate on Mount Carmel calling
on God for rain on the dried-up hills
and valleys of Judea.

Now, I want specially to speak of
what we call private prayer—that is,
the prayer that every one or your
soldiers may be supposed to offer
to God, say every morning or evening.

Such a prayer, I think, to have
in it several different points. You might
call it a ladder of seven different
rungs, reaching from earth to heaven,
up which every soldier climbs, as I have
said, into the very presence of
His Maker every day.

1. Now, the first round of my ladder
will call Reality. That is, be real;
be in earnest when you seek to ap-
proach God. Beware of formality. In
no exercise of religion is there more
danger of formality than in prayer.

2. The second step in my golden
ladder is Worship. By which I mean
adoration, thanksgiving, praise. You
believe that He is the great God—
almighty, all-wise, all-loving; your
Captain, your Rock, your Father,
and your Friend. Believe in His
greatness, how you stand before
Him, and it will do you good, and
encourage you to the exercise on
which you have entered.

3. The third step in my golden
ladder is Fellowship. Shake yourself up
by reminding yourself that you are
going into the very presence of God
in order that you may speak directly
to Him for your own needs and
wishes.

4. The fourth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

5. The fifth step in my golden
ladder is confession. Shake yourself up
by confessing your sins to God.

6. The sixth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

7. The seventh step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

8. The eighth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

9. The ninth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

10. The tenth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

11. The eleventh step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

12. The twelfth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

13. The thirteenth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

14. The fourteenth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

15. The fifteenth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

16. The sixteenth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

17. The seventeenth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

18. The eighteenth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

19. The nineteenth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
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you have received.

20. The twentieth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

21. The twenty-first step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

22. The twenty-second step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

23. The twenty-third step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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you have received.

24. The twenty-fourth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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you have received.

25. The twenty-fifth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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you have received.

26. The twenty-sixth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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you have received.

27. The twenty-seventh step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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you have received.

28. The twenty-eighth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
indebted to God for all the blessings
you have received.

29. The twenty-ninth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
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you have received.

30. The thirtieth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
by acknowledging that you are
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you have received.

31. The thirty-first step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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32. The thirty-second step in my golden
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33. The thirty-third step in my golden
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34. The thirty-fourth step in my golden
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35. The thirty-fifth step in my golden
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36. The thirty-sixth step in my golden
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37. The thirty-seventh step in my golden
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38. The thirty-eighth step in my golden
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39. The thirty-ninth step in my golden
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40. The fortieth step in my golden
ladder is thankfulness. Shake yourself up
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41. The forty-first step in my golden
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42. The forty-second step in my golden
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43. The forty-third step in my golden
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44. The forty-fourth step in my golden
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45. The forty-fifth step in my golden
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46. The forty-sixth step in my golden
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47. The forty-seventh step in my golden
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48. The forty-eighth step in my golden
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49. The forty-ninth step in my golden
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50. The fiftieth step in my golden
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51. The fifty-first step in my golden
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58. The fifty-eighth step in my golden
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59. The fifty-ninth step in my golden
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60. The sixtieth step in my golden
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61. The sixtieth step in my golden
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indebted to God

Our Hustlers' Honor Roll.

The Winnipeg Wonder—The East
Losing Ground—The Same Old
Story—Where are the West-
ern Soldiers?—The Las-
sie Cadets Beat the

The Winnipeg wonder takes first place again. 426 is the latest total that takes my eye. Well done, Winnipeg.

Lieut. West is, however, up to the 400 mark and going strong. Keep your eye on the goal, Lieutenant. If you can go 450 I think you have Lieut. Forsberg beat! A good try for that sublime total won't hurt you, really.

I notice the East is gradually going down the ladder. Yes, Mr., that's so. Time was when they could send in 140 names, and now it's a pafty 128! Look's bad, don't it?

Those dead beats of last week soon resolved themselves into a different state of things. Arab, Nigger, and Mag is the order, as usual. I guess we'll have to put up with that for quite a while yet, by the looks of things.

I notice that most of our hustlers from the West are officers. Where are the push-ahead soldiers from that region? Surely they are not being overlooked. I hope not. They're good stuff, and sugar to be turned from

The tip-top hustlers this week are Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg, 426; Lieut. West, London, 400, and Lieut. Moore, Sydney, 270. Bravo, ye rising Army lieutenants!

I heard a Corps-Cadet last night remark that she had got to love selling War Crys. Of course she has. It's the finest thing under the sun, when you do it in the right spirit.

I miss that lone boomer from Dawson. Is she cut off for the rest of the winter? If so, let us pray that she may turn up next spring as smart and smiling as usual.

Didn't I tell you? Sure, the lassie Cadets seem to be able to walk all around the lads when it comes to War Cry seiling. They can so! (P.S.—I'm saying this so as to get the lads kinder worked up, you know. I hope they'll get so excited that they go in and win.)

Eastern Province

128 Hustlers.

Lieut. Moore, Sydney	270
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	160
Lieut. Vénot, Charlottetown	160
P. S. M. Vénot, Halifax II.	150
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	144
Capt. Radimond, Somerset	126
Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay	128

Capt. Hebb, Hamilton	120
Lieut. Corkum, St. John I.	118
Capt. Hawbold, Yarmouth	118
Lieut. Newell, Eastport	110
Capt. Melkile, Carleton	107
Julia Lidston, Glace Bay	107
Cand. McFadden, Yarmouth	103

Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John I.	101
Lient. H. White, North Sydney	100
Lieut. Barnard, Truro	100
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	100
Mrs. Ensign Carter, Yarmouth	100
Warrant Irons, Windsor	100

Seige Helm, Whistler	100
Lieut. Brace, Westville	100
Mrs. Ens. Thompson, St. Stephen	100
Mrs. Adj't. Dowell, Charlottetown	100
S.-M. Flood, Hamilton	100
Capt. A. Murthrough, St. John V.	95
Mary Seig, Halifax	88
John Seig, Halifax	88

C.C. Bishop, Woodstock	85
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Amherst	85
Capt. Clark, Sackville	85
Capt. Forsey, Parrsboro	80
Sergt. Jennings, St. Georges	80
Lieut. McDonald, Stellarton	79
Capt. McWilliams, Moncton	78
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	67
Miss Chapman	67

Honor Roll.	
Capt. Anderson, St. John II.	66
Ensign Williams, Springhill	60
Capt. Netting, Windsor	29
Capt. Chandler, Canning	60
Capt. McLeod, Bridgewater	60
Mrs. Adjt. Colgate, Hamilton	60
Lieut. Fawson, Whitby Pier	7
Lieut. Copeland, St. John II.	55
Capt. Pemberton, Summerside	55
Capt. Mercer, Summerside	55
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	55
Capt. March, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Weakley, Liverpool	55
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	55
Mrs. Jones, Halifax I.	55
Capt. Lebans, Sydney Mines	55
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	50
Capt. Tatem, Charlottetown	50
Capt. Gilhank, Annapolis	50
Mrs. Eva Thompson, St. John III.	50
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	50
Capt. Hamilton, Bear River	50
Lieut. Grifflie, Springhill	45
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	45
Capt. Ebsary, Digby	45
Lieut. White, Digby	45
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	40
Sergt. Dinnie, Gaget Bay	40
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	40
Capt. Tiller, Newcastle	40
Sergt. Virgil, Southport	40
Lieut. McLean, Newcastle	40
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	35
Capt. McIvor, Newcastle	35
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	35
Sergt. McDowe, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Laura Miller, Chatham	30
Sergt. Pitt, Springhill	30
Lieut. Whalen, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Goding, Hants	30
Lieut. McKay, Hants	30
Capt. Hardwick, St. Stephen	30
Lieut. Munroe, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Burns, Southampton	30
Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, St. George's	30
Capt. McEachern, Kentville	25
Mrs. Small, Moncton	25
Mrs. Snow, Halifax II.	25
Mrs. Ward, Charlottetown	25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	25
C. C. Patrick, St. John III.	25
S. M. Marney, St. John III.	25
Mrs. Hargraves, St. John I.	25
Lieut. George, Halifax IV	25
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	25
Sergt. Smith, Hants	25
C. C. Painter, Dominion	25
Asgie Wilson, Dominion	25
Capt. Lamont, Whitney Pier	25
S. M. Kent, Bear River	25
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	25
Sister Butler, Sydney Mines	25
Sergt. Engle, Chatham	25
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst	25
Lieut. Legge, Campbellton	25
Capt. James, Halifax II.	25
Sister Shurman, Windsor	25
Sergt. Thompson, St. Stephen	25
Capt. F. White, Fredericton	25
S. M. Jefferson, Annapolis	25
Willie Turner, St. John V.	25
Ensign Knight, St. John I.	25
Capt. Leadley, Fairville	25
Lieut. Cavender, Fairville	25
Capt. Murthough, Hillsboro	25
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	25
Capt. Davis, Lunenburg	25
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg	25
West Ontario Province.	
80 Hustlers.	
Lient. West, London	100
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	129
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Chatham	129
S. M. McDougal, Goderich	129
Lieut. Close, Stratroy	129
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	129
Sister McGregor, St. Thomas	129
Capt. Vinnie, Patten, Wallaceburg	95
P. S. M. Minnie Schuster, Berlin	95
Capt. G. F. Sarjeant, Wallaceburg	95
Asgt. Scott, Sarnia	95
Capt. Fennacy, Sarnia	95
Capt. Fennacy, Windsor	95
Capt. Jordison, Stratford	95
Minnie Bryden, Windsor	95
Capt. Maisey, Brantford	95
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	95
Ensign Hoddington, Ingersoll	95
Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	70
Maggie Chatterton, Guelph	70
Ensign Breault, Woodstock	65
Mrs. Ensign Hoddington, Ingersoll	65
Capt. Tammie, Woodstock	65
Ensign McQueen, Guelph	65
Calista Silver, St. Thomas	65
S. M. Trimble, Listol	65
Mrs. Lichbrooke, Leamington	65
Lient. McColi, Bothwell	65
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Leamington	65
Lieut. Richardson, Watford	65
C. C. G. Cooper, Brantford	65
Mother Cutting, Essex	65
Mrs. Howlett, Drayton	65
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris	65
Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	65
Mary Malone, Tillsonburg	65
Lient. Anderson, Tillsonburg	65
Adjt. McColi, Bothwell	65
Mrs. Adjt. Orchard, Wingham	65
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia	65
Capt. Hogan, Clinton	65
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	65
Capt. Young, Forest	65
Fred Palmer, London	65
Sister Cable, Stratford	65
Capt. Kitchen, Paris	65
Capt. L. Patten, Wallaceburg	65
Lieut. Ellis, Ridgeway	65
Dan Christian, Dresden	65
Lieut. Davis, Dresden	65
Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia	65
C. C. Gare, Stratroy	65
G. C. Maggie Wilson, Simcoe	65
Capt. Harmon, Ridgeview	65
P.S.M. Virtue, Windsor	65
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	65
Ajet Mitchell, Petrolia	65
Little Gilbert, Simcoe	65
Mrs. Kipling, Clinton	65
Sister Horsey, Goderich	65
Capt. J. P. Jackson, Bigelow	65
Mrs. Jordan, Chatham	65
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	65
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	65
Mrs. Glasser, Chatham	65
Lillie Duckworth, Hespeler	65
Mrs. Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	65
Sergt. Lamb, Stratford	65
S. M. Graham, Thameaville	65
Mrs. Welsh, Delhi	65
Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter	65
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	65
Central Ontario Province.	
70 Hustlers.	
Sister Mary Andrews, Temple	116
Lient. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie	100
Lient. Dauberville, Yorkville	92
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	92
Capt. Dyer, Waterloo	92
Sergt. Marney, Sudbury	92
C. C. E. Eccles, Corsehill, Lindsay	75
Capt. Plant, Brampton	75
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt	75
C. C. Sheardown, Huron St.	65
Bro. Moll, Riverside	65
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	65
Sister F. Silverthorn, Temple	65
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	65
Capt. Meader, North Bay	65
Cand. Nellie Glanville, Bowmanville	65
S. M. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	65
S. M. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	65
Bro. Mollie, Waterloo	65
Lieut. F. P. Collingwood	65
Bro. Mollie, Danvers	65
Sergt. Dickson, Bantam	65
Capt. Gravesett, Meaford	65
Lieut. Currie, Meaford	65
Capt. Bond, Hamilton I.	65
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	65
Capt. Clark, Hamilton I.	65
Louis Cox, Hamilton I.	65
Lieut. Lamb, Newmarket	65
Capt. Gilbert, Orangeville	65
S. M. McHenry, Lisgar St.	65
Lient. Miller, Riverside	65
Sister M. Pease, Yorkville	65
Lient. Grinnell, St. Catharines	65
Lient. Grinnell, St. Catharines	65
Capt. Stokless, St. Catharines	65
S. M. Travis, Newmarket	65
Capt. Stullaker, Riverside	65
Little Cissie, Hamilton I.	65
Capt. Capper, Little Current	65
Lient. Chakokoschig, Little Current	65
Lizzy Bradley, Temple	34
Capt. Cornish, Huron St.	34
Sergt. Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar St.	34
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Alice Eberly, Gilmour	34
Capt. Mrs. Thompson, Gilmour	3

War Cry Sergt. L.
N.
Lieut. Wiley, Prince
Lieut. Mersell, Scott
Lieut. Eastman, F.
Capt. Haroy, Emeric
Sergt. Burrows, M.
Jessie Scott, Winnie
Lieut. Cusiter, Letitia
Lieut. Nuttall, Lorraine
Mrs. Montgomery, M.
Capt. Meron, Neep
Lieut. Gardiner, H.
Capt. Flagg, Earl J.

PACIFIC DIVISION
35 Huts

Sister Wright, Vic
Cadet Robinson, Vic
Capt. Gainer, Miss
Capt. Heiter, New
Cadet Knudson, Br
Capt. Darrach, Br
Capt. Hurst, Vance
Mrs. Hooker, Spokane
Adj't. Stevens, Van
Lizzie Hawkins, Br
Lieut. Johnson, Br
Ensign Scott, Everett
Adj't. Allen, Napa
Adj't. Yerex, Napa
Lieut. Heiles, Healdsburg
Mrs. Brown, Nelsborg
Sister Coon, Everett
Mrs. Adj't. Blackburn
Capt. Charlton, Vic
Cadet McCormick, Br
Capt. Miller, Revels
Serg't. Berryberry, Br
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Br
Sister Lorimer, Vic
Mrs. Adj't. Ayre, Everett

Eisie Watson, Lew
Lieut. Bassingthwaite
ston
Capt. Tippett, Liver
Bro. Salak, Spokane
Florrie Pogue, Nelson
Sergt. McCausland,
Sister Bushnell, Spokane
Sister Riley, Spokane
Cadet-Lieut. Rickard
Sister Helen, Spokane

Sister Hodges, WI
Territorial Tr.

Cadet M. Smith ..	(G)
Cadet A. Smith ..	11 Hu
Cadet Thornton ..	
Cadet Thompson ..	
Cadet Berry ..	
Cadet Allen ..	
Cadet Lighthourne ..	
Cadet Beckingham ..	
Cadet Chislett ..	
Cadet McGinnis ..	

Cadet McCullum ...
Cadet Richards ...
 (Boy
 6 Hus.
 Cadet Wood ...

Cadet Smith
Cadet Skinner
Cadet Dunlop
Cadet Miller
Cadet Plummer

TORONTO CONGRESS.

The GENERAL

In Command, Assisted by THE COMMISSIONER, the Territorial Headquarters Staff, all Provincial Officers, and Nearly Four Hundred Staff and Field Officers.

THURSDAY, October 30th.

THE GENERAL'S PUBLIC ENTRY.

One Thousand Officers and Soldiers will gather at the S. A. Temple at 7 p.m., and March to the Union Station to receive the General. 8.15: GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION, via York, King, Yonge and Queen Streets, to City Hall Steps, where His Worship the Mayor and the Civic Reception Committee will welcome the General on behalf of the City.

FRIDAY, October 31st. THE GENERAL will deliver his Lecture, "The Past, Present and Future of the Salvation Army," in the MASSEY MUSIC HALL. The Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Premier of Ontario, in the Chair.

SATURDAY, November 1st. UNITED SOLDIERS' COUNCIL in the S. A. Temple.

SUNDAY, November 2nd. THE GENERAL will Preach three times in the MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

Special Railway Fares from all points of the Territory to Toronto Congress.

Women's Social Work.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will all those who desire to enter as officers of the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work, write for full particulars to Lieutenant Mrs. Read, Albert St., Toronto.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Kindly send all donations or subscriptions for the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work to Miss Booth, Albert St., Toronto, or to any of the following addressees.

Kindly say for which branch your gift is intended.

Rescue Homes, Children's Homes, and Hospitals.

Toronto, Ont., 316 Yonge St. Ensign Lowrie.

London, Ont., Riverview Ave. Adj't. McDonald.

Winnipeg, 486 Young St. Adj't. Kerr.

St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St. Staff-Capt. Holmes.

Montreal, Que., 243 St. Antoine St. Adj't. Foley.

Halifax, N.S., 71 Windsor St. Mrs. Borden Payne.

St. John's, Nfld., 26 CORK St. Ensign Hall.

Ottawa, Ont., 121 Daly Ave. Ensign Hicks.

Hamilton, Ont., 118 Wentworth St. Capt. Proctor.

Battle, Ont., 205 W. Broadway. Capt. Hicks.

Spokane, Wash., 739 S. Chandler St. Staff-Capt. Just.

Vancouver, B.C., 789 Seymour St. Ensign Bud.

Toronto, Ont., 68 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.

COMING EVENTS.

T. F. S. Appointments

Ensign Piercy. — Sydney Mines, Oct. 31; Westville, Nov. 1, 2; Charlottetown, Nov. 3, 4; Summerside, Nov. 5, 6; Campbellton, Nov. 7, 8, 9; Newcastle, Nov. 10; Chatham, Nov. 11, 12; Springhill, Nov. 13, 14; Parrsboro, Nov. 15, 16; Amherst, Nov. 17; Sackville, Nov. 18; Moncton, Nov. 19, 20; Sussex, Nov. 23, 24; St. John, Nov. 25; Fairville, Nov. 27; St. John V., Nov. 28; Carleton, Nov. 29.

Ensign White. — Dresden, Nov. 8, 9; Wallaceburg, Nov. 10; Sarnia, Nov. 11, 12; Tilford, Nov. 13; Forest, Nov. 14; Pernville, Nov. 15; Walford, Nov. 17; Stratford, Nov. 18; Stratford, Nov. 19; Mitchell, Nov. 20; Safoord, Nov. 21; Clinton, Nov. 22, 23; Goderich, Nov. 24, 25; Wingham, Nov. 26; Limestone, Nov. 27, 28; Palmerston, Nov. 29, 30; Dryden, Dec. 1; Guelph, Dec. 2, 3; Galt, Dec. 4; Paris, Dec. 5; Hespeler, Dec. 6, 7; Paris, Dec. 8; Brantford, Dec. 8, 9; Tilsonburg, Dec. 11, 12; Simcoe, Dec. 13, 14; Norwich, Dec. 15; Woodstock, Dec. 16, 17; Ingersoll, Dec. 18, 19.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, children, or any one in difficulty. Address Contributions and Expenses to THE GENERAL, 125 Yonge St., Toronto, and mark "MISSING" on the envelope. Fully responsible. If possible, to defray expenses.

Persons are requested to look carefully through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second Insertion.)

4024. KING, ARTHUR, 39 years of age, height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, fair complexion, dark eyes. Came to Canada from England nine years ago. Last heard of four years ago at West Brom, P.E., Canada.

4027. AUSTIN, MOSES D., who left his home, Island Falls, Maine, seven years ago and went to British Columbia. Four years ago he was in Greenwood, B.C., where he had a spell of sickness. Has since been seen in Kamloops. Has not been heard of for nearly two years. Mother anxious.

(First Insertion.)

4026. TODD, W. R. F. Born at Fishtown, Ont., Nov. 1, 1878. Was working in a camp near Fort Frances, Ont., about two years ago. Supposed to have gone to Minneapolis, U.S.A. Was last seen by his father in Winnipeg, Man. in September, 1900.

4029. FAWCETT, GEORGE. Formerly of Brandon, Man. When last heard from (five years ago) he was in Montana. Brother anxious.

4031. COLLONG, WILLIAM. Carpenter, 42 years of age, dark hair, fair complexion, gray eyes, has lost one front tooth, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, weighs 163 pounds. Was born in Scarborough, Ont. He lived at 120 Sherbourne St., Toronto, until recently.

4032. KERJY, STEPHEN. Left Rockingham, near Halifax, N.S., three years ago. Height 5 ft. 10 in., 172 lbs. weight. One hand is marked from a cut received in childhood. He might possibly have gone to South Africa. Mother anxious.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make their Wills, and desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

The good intentions of some friends have been made useless by the fact that they did not make in conformity with the law relating to charitable bequests. The following form of clause is therefore recommended. If the property of a Testator is to be given to the Salvation Army, or to any of its branches, it should be left in the following manner: "I give and bequeath my property in the sum of \$_____, or so much as I may then have, to the Salvation Army, or to any of its branches, to be used or expended by them for the general purposes of the said organization, or for any particular object which they may then have in view, and for the propagation of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and for the salvation of souls, and the North-Western States of America."

Directions see Exposition of Will.

The following form of clause is recommended in the presence of two witnesses, who must both be present when the instrument is signed, and who must sign their names, addresses and occupations. It is also recommended that the Testator make a memorandum to adduce his Testament to be quite sure that his Will is valid. "I give and bequeath my property in the sum of \$_____, or so much as I may then have, to the Salvation Army, or to any of its branches, to be used or expended by them for the general purposes of the said organization, or for any particular object which they may then have in view, and for the propagation of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and for the salvation of souls, and the North-Western States of America."

For every will they have alligned.

For any friends desirous to procure further information, or to any friends desirous to be informed of the names and addresses of persons who will give any communications needed to bear on the subject, apply to THE GENERAL, 125 Yonge St., Toronto, or to any friends dealing with the subject should be much pleased.

THE GENERAL, 125 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.